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TONY
TUBBS**

**HUSTLER'S
HOCKEY
MASCOT
NUDE**

**SEX SLAVES
IN THE
CARIBBEAN**



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On the Cover . . .

Director of Photography James Baes shot this month's cover. For a more-than-revealing look at the lady with the sax, check out the red-hot photo-feature beginning on page 34.

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Jay Johnstone has played baseball with eight major-league teams since 1966. A member of the World Champion 1978 Yankees and 1981 Dodgers, he recently collaborated with Rick Talley in writing *Temporary Insanity—Uncensored Adventures of Baseball's Craziest Player* (Contemporary Books, \$13.95).

This is a test. The next time you drive past a bunch of kids playing baseball in a schoolyard or vacant lot, look to see if anybody is having fun—even if they're making mistakes. Damn right they are. Baseball is fun. Didn't you have fun when you played it as a kid? I know I did. So why does it have to change when ballplayers reach the major leagues?

Hey, I know it's a business and guys are making millions of dollars playing this little boys' game, but does that mean it can't be fun? Not for me it doesn't. They don't call me Crazy Jay and Moon Man without good reason. I've cut the middle out of pitcher Rick Sutcliffe's undershorts, hidden a brownie in Steve Garvey's first baseman's mitt, painted Dodgertown (the team's Florida training facility) green and taped Band-Aids all over shortstop Bill Russell's glove.

I've been doing nutty things since I was a rookie. But why? Why do I stuff pillows inside my shirt and imitate my manager, Tom Lasorda? Why do I keep on sticking that large penis-head microphone (PRC Network) into serious media interviews? Sometimes I wonder myself.

Admittedly I'm a little different. But then so is Tug McGraw, who when asked if he preferred grass to artificial turf, replied, "I never smoked turf."

Hey, John Lowenstein would attack birthday cakes with a bat. Bert Blyleven gave chewing tobacco to his Little League players. Bill Lee once got fined \$250 for sprinkling marijuana on his pancakes. I figure that makes me just one of the boys.

Unfortunately, we're a vanishing breed. Today's ballplayers are more concerned about tax brackets, agents, financial consultants and guaranteed contracts than clubhouse yuks.

Frankly, I believe a little craziness helps keep a clubhouse loose. There's always pressure, and one way to alleviate it is to laugh... even when it hurts. You show me a clubhouse where there is laughter, and I'll show you a team with a chance to win. I really believe that. When Danny Ozark was my manager with the Philadelphia Phillies, he always said, "You can't play baseball with a tight asshole." Danny always was a guy for fancy words.

Believe me, giggling is better than gagging, even when the giggle comes at the expense of one of your teammates. Consider Dave Stewart of the Texas Rangers. He got into an embarrassing situation last winter in Los Angeles. It seems he was arrested in downtown L.A. and charged with lewd conduct after being caught in his automobile with a transvestite named Lucille. Stew, of course, didn't know Lucille wasn't a legit Lucille. He was more surprised than the cops. So what happened when Stew showed up for training camp? His teammates were waiting in the locker room to sing an old Kenny Rogers song, "You picked a fine time to leave me, Lucille." And Dave's former teammate with the Dodgers, Jerry Reuss, offered the ultimate pitcher's compliment by stating that, "Stew has the best move in baseball with a man on."

Reuss has a twisted mind. For example, how would you like to receive a memo written on official medical stationery that read: "Due to an abnormality in your urine sample, please bring us another"? Reuss did that in spring training one year at Dodger-




town. He had guys pissing in bottles all over Vero Beach, wondering how they were going to explain the "abnormality" to their wives. Mad Doctor Reuss has also been known to con guys into showing up at the dispensary with sperm samples.

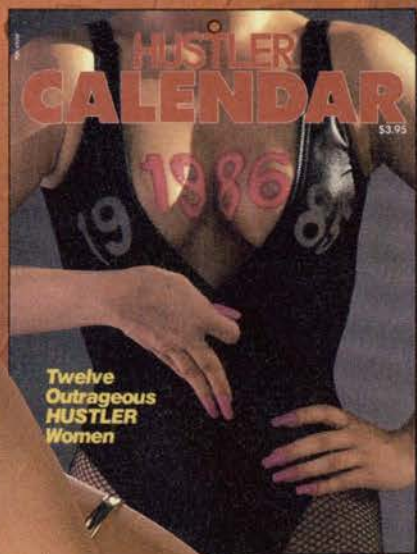
I have participated in the foolishness. Once, I showed up at the Dodgertown doctor's office with what the nurse thought was a urine sample. But before she could process it, I said, "Hey, this looks a little cloudy, doesn't it? Maybe I'd better run it through again." With that, I drank everything in the vial—which was really just apple juice—and said, "Excuse me. I'll go fill it up again, and I'm sure it'll be okay." Sick, right? Nobody said ballplayers were normal.

Like the time Reuss and I put on groundskeepers' uniforms and dragged the infield at Dodger Stadium. Yes, it was during a game. It wasn't easy either, swaggering like those groundskeepers and trying to keep that lattice in a straight line. Lasorda almost had a heart attack when he looked up at Diamond Vision and saw us wearing those coveralls. Now we're finished, and we follow the real groundskeepers up the aisle behind home plate at Dodger Stadium, right through the crowd, and people are cheering us. But when we got back to the dugout, Lasorda was spitting fire. "You guys are fined \$200."

That wasn't the end of it. We had to run back through the tunnel to change into our Dodger uniforms. I just knew Lasorda would pull something. He did, just as I was returning. Still trying to buckle my belt, I heard him yelling, "Where the fuck is Johnstone?! Jay... get a bat. You're the pinch hitter!"

"I'm here! I'm here!" I yelled, and I was still panting when I stepped to the plate. But there is justice in the world. I hit a 2-1 pitch over the right-field fence for a home run. And when I got back to the dugout, the place was up for grabs. Guys were rolling on the floor, and Lasorda couldn't believe his eyes. So I started shaking everybody's hand, and when I got to Tommy, I just said, "Listen, Skip... next time you need me, I'll be in the groundskeepers' room." 

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HOT LETTERS

JEALOUS VIXENS:

A straight guy in a coed choir is like a diamond shining in a goat's ass. So, for the many attractive, sensitive, neurotically oversexed girls in my high-school choir, I was the only game in town. But Jill wasn't a girl in the choir. She was my student teacher.

I was 17 and a high-school senior. She was 22 and gorgeous. Jill had olive skin, green eyes and light-blond hair, suggesting a mysterious racial origin. She was short, but her tits stretched her otherwise oversized monogram sweater, and her taut little ass lifted the pleats on her jumper as she pranced from the sopranos to the basses, leaving at least one stiff instrument in her wake. At first I thought her merciless flirting was all a tease, but I soon got up the balls to meet her cunning glances and remark on her presumably professional interest in touching my throat during my private lessons.

One Saturday I was at a local high school, competing for a place in the district chorus. Jill was one of the judges. My testosterone came through for me, and I placed first in the baritone competition. She fluttered over to congratulate me and, with a demure glance, suggested that I give her a ride to the football game across town. Once we were alone in the parking lot, she slid her hand in my coat pocket, complaining that she was cold. As a Catholic-raised Sicilian kid, my prick got hard when I put my *own* hand in my coat pocket. And, by midnight, not even an entire novena would get me out of purgatory.

In the car we talked about everything—Plato, poetry and how people who talked about Plato and poetry just needed to get laid. Finally, we got down to it. Jill grabbed my stick shift and told me how long she'd fantasized about making love to me. Going to the football game was no longer a priority. I suggested we go somewhere quiet, say, her college dorm.

Jill was reluctant at first because her roommate, Pam, was getting back from a

sorority trip that day. I persuaded her to take her chances, however, and we hurried to her place, both of us quivering with anticipation.

There was a picture of Pam on their dorm-room wall. I had noticed an edge on Jill's voice when she spoke of Pam earlier, but I was genuinely surprised at her anger when I remarked on how attractive her roommate was. "I suppose she's okay," Jill finally conceded, "but she can be a real bitch when she hasn't been laid



for a while. She's ridiculously horny."

I let the issue drop, not to distract Jill from the student-teacher relationship at hand. By the time I'd settled down among the stuffed animals on her bed, however, Jill was wearing nothing but her plaid jumper. "Better than Pam any day, don't you think?" she giggled.

I stepped over Jill's lace panties, unbuttoning my shirt as I began kissing her gorgeous breasts. I thrust my tongue down along the contours of her cleavage, and her sighs became short and tense as I made my way to her stomach. Just when I was about to take her to the floor, Jill lifted her jumper with one hand and forced me to my knees with the other. I was staring right at my teacher's lovely pussy.

Jill's knees buckled as I darted my tongue deep between her legs, and she fell back onto Pam's bed. She moaned and groaned as I went wild on her slice. The taste was raw, savage, primitive. *Patent it*, I thought. *Pour it over ice*.

Jill's back arched with repeated orgasms; her stomach heaved. I stopped for a moment to undo my pants and said with typical teenage aplomb, "Okay, Teach, I bit your biscuit. Now you polish my knob." But Jill was clearly no longer earthbound. Eyes closed, she whispered hoarsely, "Fuck me. Pam would be so jealous. You've got to fuck me."

That's the kind of order I always follow. I removed my jeans and, placing my arms beneath her thighs, slid up her body until her heels were braced on my shoulders, and eased my cock in.

Once inside her gripping pussy I began stroking like a maniac. "That's it, that's it," she coached over and over again. "Fuck it deep," she groaned as her body shuddered with each thrust.

After about a half hour of this luscious, slow squanking, I raised my head from Jill's breasts to get some air, and there stood Pam at the door, suitcase in hand. I expected rage or embarrassment, but instead Pam smiled secretively, put a finger to her lips and with my high-school jacket in her hand snuck up behind Jill. "So what do you think you're doing, dearie, in my bed?"

Jill squealed in surprise and, though her snatch snapped tightly shut around my prick, I managed to dismount. I had no fucking idea what to expect next. Jill's surprise quickly turned to anger. "You whore!" she screamed. "How long have you been watching?"

"Long enough to make your name dirt with the dean," Pam threatened. "Now get your ass out of the room, and I might forget the whole thing." As she dressed, Jill tossed me my jeans, but Pam intercepted them. "Leave your little friend here," Pam said with an evil grin, leaving little to either of our imaginations as to my impending fate.

It was hard to believe these two gor-

geous women were on the verge of duking it out over a teenager, but I was in no mood to stop them. "It'll be all right, Jill," I assured her. "You'd better step out for a little while 'cause Pam seems serious about blowing the whistle on you otherwise." Jill headed for the door, casting a livid glance at Pam, who had already begun unbuttoning her blouse for cruel effect. I was about to make the noble sacrifice. What a guy.

Pam was even better-looking in person—auburn hair, dark-brown eyes and a light, creamy complexion. She was slighter than Jill, her breasts small. Her nipples were erect from the cold, her anger or perhaps anticipation of things to come. "We'll see who gives you the better ride," she grinned as soon as Jill had closed the

stroke, and her back arched as I eased out. I lifted her hips off the bed, and she buried her face in the pillow, screaming as I increased the pace and power of my thrusting motions. We were both about to come, but I wanted to tease more than please; so I pulled out just as Pam began to convulse. Switching ends, I slid my hips beneath Pam's face, guiding her head toward my wet, throbbing cock. She resisted at first, mostly out of surprise, but with a little persuasion she quickly took me into her mouth, gobbling my dick ferociously and rubbing her pussy at the same time. I shot my wad into her mouth almost immediately. Pam groaned and giggled triumphantly as she swallowed the jism that had Jill's name on it.

Pam licked and sucked me until I was

just as I sprayed my cum deep inside Pam. Barely missing a beat, I slipped out of her hole and into my pants, leaving her sprawled across Jill's bed. I finished dressing, grabbed my coat and opened the door.

Jill stood in the hall, silent, her eyebrows raised as if to ask, "Well, what's the verdict?" I smiled at her, and winked reassuringly. Jill looked through the doorway and spotted Pam still lying on her bed—perhaps out of exhaustion, perhaps for effect, I didn't know which. But I was through trying to figure out their game. I put on my coat. "Goodbye," Jill said, now brimming with confidence.

Pam leapt from Jill's bed. "I'll see you, Tony," she said expectantly. I smiled at Pam, and winked reassuringly. —T. B.

Charleston, South Carolina



I slid my hips beneath Pam's face, guiding her head toward my wet, throbbing cock. She resisted at first.

door. She was out of her clothes in seconds. What a tight little body!

Unlike Jill, she was in no mood to be seduced or play games; she knew just what she wanted. Pam jumped onto Jill's bed and, sliding her hands inside her thighs, spread her legs like a Japanese fan. "I want your tongue inside me," she commanded. No begging from this bitch.

Let's just say I have a problem with authority. I dragged Pam to the edge of the bed and, flipping her over on her stomach, drove my cock deep inside her.

"Save your orders for Jill," I growled. "You've got nothing on me."

I was pounding like a piston. Pam's hands tore at the sheets on each forward

hard again. For the second time I positioned myself behind Pam and began feverishly pumping her pussy. She was on the edge of orgasm again, moaning, "My God, you've got to fuck me up the ass. Please, please fuck my ass." Since she had asked nicely this time, I obliged.

Rubbing her breasts with one hand and stroking her clitoris with the other, I gently plucked her rosebud (with no hands). By now, Pam's groans were impossible to identify as human. Her body flexed and relaxed in rhythm with each pelvic push, culminating in a thunderous orgasm; her legs thrashed as she grabbed at her hair and bit the pillow.

There was a timid knock at the door

FARSIDE:

I met Janice at the bar around 9:30 p.m. The place was dark, small and filled with cigarette smoke. All the guys were watching a ball game on television or sneaking peeks at Janice over their shoulders. She looked great in a yellow sleeveless top with spaghetti-string straps. It exposed the upper crest of her cleavage, and the material was so thin that the small, hardened circles of her nipples were visible. She tasted like vodka and lime when she leaned forward to kiss me.

I apologized for being late—I'd had trouble getting away from my wife. Janice asked me to polish off the remains of her vodka gimlet so we could leave. I finished the drink and left a five on the table.

Arm and arm in the parking lot, we headed for her Corvette. I snuck my right hand up her side and grabbed a tit, squeezing fondly and pinching her stiff nipple between my fingers. The shopping-center parking lot was empty, but that wouldn't have made any difference anyway. She leaned her ass against her car door and parted her legs. The short hem of her red skirt gave way to long, suntanned legs. I pressed into her, my hard crotch rubbing against Janice's skirt. Her hands grabbed my ass, pulling me even more tightly against her. She sighed, sticking her tongue into my mouth, looking for mine, and moaned, "I want you to fuck me."

I reached up the sides of her skirt. She wasn't wearing panties. Separating her buttocks, I stretched my hands under the curve of her ass and felt her pussy rushing with wetness. Two fingers slipped into

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her opening, fucking up between her legs. Biting her throat, I pushed my fingers in and out of her, drawing more wet heat onto her labia. When her folds were slick with excitement, I massaged a taut pressure over her clit.

Janice's knees weakened. Her abdomen thrust into me, making it hard to keep my fingers working her cunt. "I'm coming," she moaned, fingernails digging into the seat of my jeans. Her ass banged back and forth into her car door, catching my forearm every time, but I kept working her pussy from behind until Janice had to quiet her screams by biting into my shoulder.

"God, yes." She kissed me, throwing her straw-blond hair over her shoulders. The blunt-cut tips of her bangs were damp with perspiration. As I took my hand out of her skirt, Janice lifted it up, exposing her dark-blond pussy hairs as she fanned the short length of material up and down, cooling her legs and hotly aroused cunt.

Just then the parking-lot lights went off, leaving us in darkness. Janice grabbed my swollen crotch. "Think we blew a fuse," she whispered. "Come on, let's go for a ride. I found a new place."

We had to take separate cars since Janice's husband would be home by midnight, and she couldn't afford to stay out too late. She drove the back roads hard, but my Fiat had little trouble keeping up with her. She led me out to the site of a new development named Farside. The roads were all laid out over acres of rolling hills, but there were no houses yet.

Following the sloping road, I lost sight of Janice's lights. My playful pussy had killed her headlights and was driving in the dark, no doubt having familiarized herself with the roads in advance. I gunned the engine to catch up, but I suddenly caught a glimpse of a figure bolting across the road. It was Janice, running down a hill to the left.

I turned the Fiat off, but kept the headlights on so that they would light up the hillside. As soon as I had gotten out of the car and begun running after her, Janice stopped. She stood boldly in the lighted path of my headlights and undid her skirt. Bottomless, she threw her skirt toward me and started dancing.

Her hips churned as she spun in place, poking her ass toward me. I stood and watched as a strap to her top came down. She let her right tit pop free, caressing it with loving fingers while her abdomen continued to pump.

"Whoa!" she screamed, getting into her own wildness. She ripped off her top and twirled it over her head. After a few revolutions, she tossed it toward her abandoned skirt.

I walked toward her. Slowly. Loving the way her hands played with her breasts and shot between her legs to pull at her pussy. My cock was pounding in my pants, wanting her.

And there we were, using an open field of uncut grass as a playground, with my headlights shining on us like stage lights.

Janice stood still now. Her hands found a groove between her legs. With her eyes closed and sighs growing louder, she bent forward and finger-fucked herself. She turned her back to me, bent at the waist even farther, and let me see her poking two fingers in and out of her cunt, slipping them up her channel.

When I was a few feet from her, she moved her touches away from her pussy and grabbed hold of her thighs to support her bent-over posture. I admired the wet entrance to her pussy while I undressed, taking my time, letting the anticipation build in my cock.

When I grabbed hold of her hips, Janice sighed. My cock head pressed into her ass, moving down to her opening. She reached in between her legs and took my shaft in her fingers, leading me inside her pussy, then bracing for the forward thrust of my hips.

My cock went into her with such a hun-

ger we stumbled forward. Janice managed to keep her balance, and my entire length seared into her from behind.

We each moaned with every peak of my cock's jutting stroke. It took more and more strength to hold Janice's hips and keep her from falling. Finally, we tumbled forward, with her sprawling face-down in the grass, her ass raised, and my cock banging in and out of her.

I reached under her rib cage for her tit, fondling her, feeling semen rushing up my cock, ready to shoot. I wasn't holding anything back. Couldn't. She was just too damned hot. Her pussy was too wet. Too tight.

She got her hands down between her legs, between her naked body and the grass, and pumped her pussy in time with my cock's thrusts. "Come. Do it. Come. I'm ready."

Taking hold of both her tits, I let it all go. My prick was firing hot and deep as I slapped my loins against her ass, going at her hard and fast. Janice started crying out when the first spasm of my cock sent a rush of cum into her pussy. Her head thrashed from side to side.

And my climax kept rushing higher and higher. My face felt hot and damp with sweat. The whole time Janice was gasping with hot passion; I kept pumping her, making sure my cock was taking her all the way through her orgasm.

When we each became quiet, breath-

(continued on page 58)

She was on the edge of orgasm again, moaning, "My God, you've got to fuck me up the ass."



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BLACK & WHITE (CONTINUED):

I'm writing in regard to all those racial letters you get. I'm fuckin' sick and tired of these geeky rednecks writin' and puttin' down blacks and people who associate with and fuck blacks. If people (particularly whites) wanna mix, so be it. I for one like it. Most of the chicks I go out with are white. Whatcha think about that? If I ever meet up with any of these people who don't like it, I'm gonna kick their asses. In the Bible it don't say nothin' about people not bein' able to mix; so what y'all complainin' for? Who knows? I (or any other black guy for that matter) might be fucking your daughter(s). Ha, ha! You don't like that, do ya? This is all I got to say on the subject. You be hearing more from me, suckers! If you rednecks got anything to say, I wanna hear it.

—Name and Address

Withheld by Request

When are these zipper-headed people going to wake up and take a look at the world realistically? I've been an avid reader of HUSTLER for a couple of years. But all I see in your *Feedback* column are more and more letters from programmed people who can't grow up and develop their own rationale, instead of reprocessing the same old shit! I had to write. Keep up the good work. Hello to everybody at HUSTLER.

—A Very Nauseated Tim T.
Lincoln, Rhode Island

We're glad to know you're nauseated, Tim, and not programmed.

SOUR KRAUT RESPONSE:

This letter is addressed to Craig A., whose letter was printed in the September '85 *Feedback* column.

You have pissed me off by saying that all Germans are pigs. I am a German—not a pig but a human being. I'm not saying

that Hitler was right, but just because he started to mass-murder Jews doesn't mean that all Germans are bad. Your warped mental process is the same as Hitler's was. You start thinking that one race is to blame for all your problems; so you get your friends to think as you do and then their friends. The next thing you know, Jews are going to be stuffing Germans into ovens.

If all Jews think as you do, I feel sorry for you. If you think that the Germans were weak because they followed Hitler, then you are in for a surprise. In the Bible it was predicted that the Jews were going to suffer, and they did. In another passage it predicted that the Jews are going to fall for a false savior, the antichrist. So it's not that a race is weak; it's just that it hints that it is right because no one race is more powerful or superior. There are good and bad in all races. Yes, *even Jews!* You have to seriously rethink the way that you think.

—M. S.

Bakersfield, California

I am writing concerning a letter in your September '85 issue from Craig A. Craig A., you Jewish fuck, if your head wasn't up your ass, you'd know how many German people died fighting for America in World War II. Before you call another

race scumbags, pigs or weak, think before you make yourself look like an ignorant asshole. I am sure that other Jews wouldn't be too enthused to learn that an ass-wipe like you is Jewish also.

—Carl A.

Buffalo, New York

I would like to address Darlene C., who wrote a *Feedback* letter printed in your August '85 issue ("Asshole Candidate"). You are an asshole for putting down Hitler, who was making a better world for the white race. But you are too stupid to understand what the words *white race* mean. Jews and niggers are the scumbags of the Earth. I think the Jews are sickest of all the races. So all I got to say to you is, fuck off and die, asshole!

And to you, Larry Flynt, thank you for the best magazine of all!

—Whiskey

Vacaville, California

RETRACTION

In its August 1984 issue, HUSTLER Magazine published in its *Feedback* section a letter that had been sent in the name of Glenn and Joan Dickerson. When HUSTLER published the letter, HUSTLER believed that it had come from the Dickersons. Subsequently, HUSTLER was informed that they had not sent the letter. HUSTLER regrets any inconvenience or embarrassment they might have experienced as a result of its publication.

VINDICTIVELY RACIST?

I have perceived recently what I consider to be a disproportionately large amount of racist humor in the form of cartoons in HUSTLER. I find this disappointing in a magazine that upholds such admirable liberal principles as freedom of speech and freedom of the press, among others. While your humor is often crass, to say the least, it is obviously intended to be so. (I do not read your magazine for the same reasons that I would read *The New Yorker*.) Is this preponderance of racist humor (specifically in your August '85

edition) also intended, or was it simply an unfortunate coincidence?

I am not what I consider to be a radical overzealous proponent of civil rights who becomes incensed at the slightest infringement of racial impartiality. I realize that a joke perceived to be racist by an audience could be intended to be purely humorous, not vindictively racist. The element of race involved can simply be a vehicle with which to achieve the desired humorous effect. Your cartoons and jokes, which I personally may find somewhat distasteful, certainly cannot be condemned by me as simply callous racist slurs and would be tolerated.

If the intent of your humor is simply humor, then it is tolerable, but there should be less of it. If, on the other hand, your humor is simply meant to be a vulgar attack on a specific race within society, it is not humor.

—S. L. N.
Kingston, Ontario, Canada

As we've said countless times over the years, we're poking fun at ethnic stereotypes. What other publication treats blacks and Ku Klux Klan members, or Jews and Nazis, with equal irreverence?

I am a very big fan of yours and hope to buy almost every issue. But I don't particularly like getting off on looking at the September '85 *Bits and Pieces* item per-

taining to blacks ("Jungle Bunnies"). Sure, I've heard of the expressions yard apes, porch monkeys, jigaboos and jungle bunnies, but I didn't expect to take you seriously. Those rabbits in the picture "are" adorable, but when they're all incognito, they look like they could rule the world. I'm damn surprised that Mr. T isn't looking into this, and by golly I hope he does. Yeah, you may say smut about him behind his back, but when he's in the flesh, you all are a bunch of nutless cowards praying all of this is a nightmare instead of reality.

If you ask me, I think Larry Flynt should be hung up by his balls (if he's got any) and whipped a few times. —Mike L.
Huntington, West Virginia

BACK-DOOR MAN:

Hey, HUSTLER, how about some more assholes? And I'm not talking about Assholes of the Month! I was really looking forward to the October '85 issue when I saw that you were going to interview Ginger Lynn—with photos. Ginger is my favorite porn star and, after reading your review of her film *Between the Cheeks*, I could hardly wait to have my very own pictures of Ginger's beautiful bunghole. When I saw that great big beautiful soapy butt on the cover of the October issue, I nearly creamed my pants in the store where I bought my copy. (Hats off to

photographer Ladi von Jansky!) Then I opened the magazine at home... what happened?

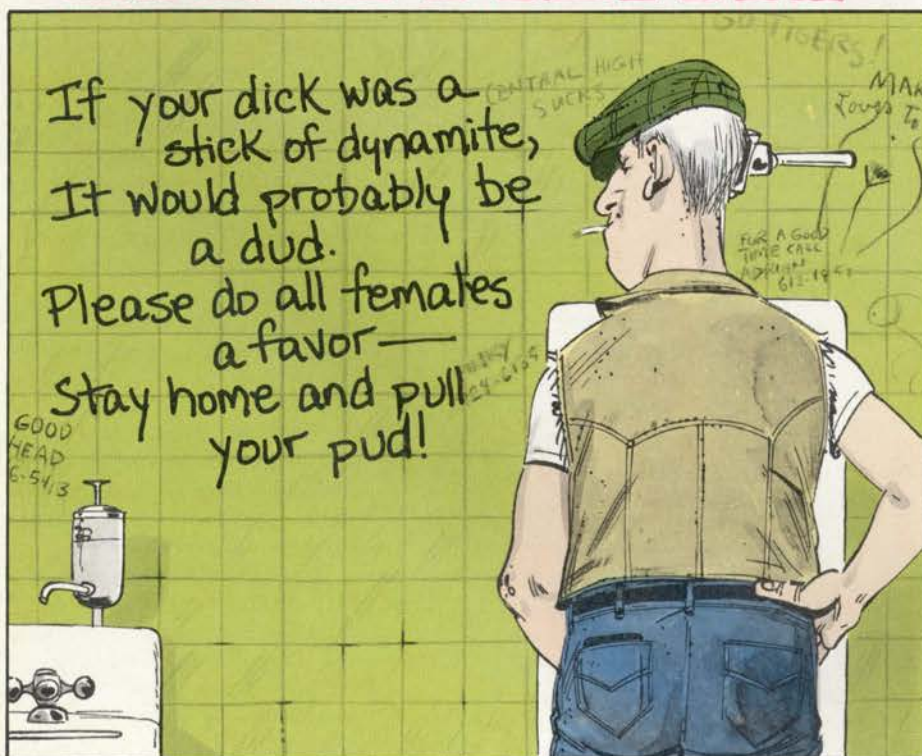
I have enjoyed HUSTLER because after other men's magazines discovered girls' poop chutes a few years ago, HUSTLER was the only one that consistently gave me great shots of the butts and bungholes of great-looking women. Lately, such straight-on, back-door-entry shots have been few and far between. It has gotten so that a number of the phone-sex ads are hotter than some of your pictorials.

There is only one thing I like better than seeing a puckered asshole nestled between two firm round female buns, and that is sliding my cock into that tight passage. I am certain that many of your other readers would agree. I am not suggesting that HUSTLER go entirely anal—I like tits, cunts and pretty faces too—but maybe the photographers could take a little more care to show the models' assholes. You show the girls spreading their pussy lips and fingering their cunts. Why not show them spreading their cheeks and fingering their browneyes?

Maybe you could do an all-anal issue featuring a special pictorial titled "Bungholes of the Stars," with such anal luminaries as Vanessa del Rio, Seka, Lili Marlene, Jessica Wyld and, of course, Ginger Lynn!

—Lew B.
Evanston, Illinois

GRAFFILTHY



THANX AND \$50 TO EX-GIRLFRIEND, BOSTON, MA

GINGER LYNN:

Normally I find interviews boring, especially those with porn stars. But your October '85 interview with Ginger Lynn was a refreshing change of pace. Her honest, no-holds-barred comments reflect the no-holds-barred enthusiasm she has brought to fuck filmdom.

Personally, I find Ginger's all-holes-bared and all-holes-bored approach to the industry delightful. She seems articulate, intelligent, in control, and she knows what she wants and where she wants to go.

I look forward to the day she gets her Oscar, but in the meantime, as long as I have a face, she has a place to sit!

—Name and Address
Withheld by Request

HARSH CRITIC:

I have to drive 14 miles to pick up the monthly copy of HUSTLER that I used to love. That is until this month, when I drove to pick up the October '85 issue. What a ripoff. Nothing interesting. I can't believe that you, Larry Flynt, let such a piece of shit go out. You ought to be ashamed. I can't believe you let me drive 14 miles and spend almost \$4 on an issue that is made like a cheap family magazine. I've grown to expect more from you.

(continued on page 32)

The Bare Facts!

about adult video...



There are a lot of adult video companies out there who'll promise you something for nothing—and what you usually end up with is nothing for your hard-earned dollars.

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HEAVENLY DESIRE The gorgeous Seka and Serena play two Old West prostitutes gunned down in a shoot-out.



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LOVE GODDESSES Seka and Juliet Anderson battle it out to be the World's Most Wanton Woman.



THE SEDUCTION OF CINDY Superstars Seka and Veronica Hart come together in this erotic block-buster.



PRINCESS SEKA Seka is truly the princess of erotic elegance as she teams up with the sultry Serena in this adult epic.

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— Leif Jenericsen

VIDCO: ALL NIGHT LONG

ARTS and PIECES

ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

Think of vermin breeding in rotting flesh. Think of the stench of putrefying pigshit. Think of scum-sucking maggots feeding on disease-drenched diarrhea. Now think of Dr. Paul Cameron. This venomous hatemonger is living proof that a degree in psychology doesn't make one immune to being fucked-up or keep one from being an asshole—in his case, Asshole of the Month.

Cameron, the Anita Bryant of Lincoln, Nebraska, is a sexual bigot who for years has been crusading against gays. Wielding his Ph.D., his chairmanship of the impressive-sounding Lincoln-based Institute for the Scientific Investigation of Sexuality—impressive until you discover that telephone-directory assistance has never heard of this “institute”—and his determination to make homosexuality a criminal offense, Cameron has become a spokesasshole for ignorance and repression. Armed with misleading statistics and “scientific” studies, Cameron is a favorite “expert” courtroom witness for the forces of repression.

The truth is, Paul Cameron

Dr. Paul Cameron



shamelessly twists and distorts the findings of reputable psychologists and sex researchers to support his own warped views. Because of these ethical violations he was expelled from the 55,000-member American Psychological Association. Not only that, a federal judge discredited Cameron's “expert” testimony in a 1984 case challenging Texas sodomy laws, saying Cameron's

sworn statement that “homosexuals are approximately 43 times more apt to commit crimes than the general population” was a total misrepresentation.

Exposure has not stopped Cameron, however. Now this malignant shit chute is seizing on the fear and hysteria surrounding AIDS to promote his vicious beliefs. He recently called for the registration of all gays so their

movements could be tracked, and a quarantine of homosexuals to protect the public from “deliberate and thoughtless” exposure to AIDS.

Register? Quarantine? Where does this bullying asshole think he is—Nazi Germany? Quarantining homosexuals will not stop AIDS. It would only satisfy the foaming-at-the-mouth homophobia of sickos like Cameron by depriving a group of American citizens of their liberty.

Not long ago Cameron was hired by right-wing Congressman William Dannemeyer (R-California)—who is on a subcommittee with jurisdiction on AIDS funding and research—to advise him on the disease. Cameron, who's referred to gay AIDS victims as “getting what they deserve,” shouldn't be consulted for the time of day, let alone a critical matter such as AIDS.

It's tempting to suggest that for his calculatedly inflammatory statements Cameron deserves to be butt-fucked by an AIDS patient, but we won't. No one deserves AIDS. Not even Assholes like Paul Cameron.



Troll Booth

Though they once dwelled exclusively *under* bridges, looking to extort whatever they could from innocent passers-by, the common troll has now discovered a far more organized and efficient means of fund-raising. Although their contributions to road maintenance have been dwarfed by those of humans, the trolls still do their share. Unfortunately, when the mythical midgits take to our nation's highways, they as often as not wind up under the wheels of a semi.

"Vote, Bitch!"

You live in a free country; so make your voice heard. Let the porn industry know what you think of their fuck flicks. The results of our annual X-rated-movie poll (to appear in April 1986) will influence the adult films you see next year. Fill out the ballot and send it to: HUSTLER Movie Poll, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. You may nominate the same person in more than one category. Ballots must be postmarked no later than December 1, 1985.



Best Film:

Best Actress:

In which film?

Best Actor:

In which film?

Best Director:

Of which film?

Best Sex Scene:

In which film?

Most Accomplished Fellatio Artist:

In which film?

Most Accomplished Cunnilinguist:

In which film?

Which film disappointed you most?



Dwug Bust

They're cracking down earlier and earlier these days. Little Jimmy's lunch box is no longer safe from

pint-size snitches and undercover narcs posing as Board of Education officials. They're looking for that Valium his mommy reported missing. Wally and the Beav never went through anything like this!



Coming Attractions

It's time for THE BEST OF HUSTLER and HUSTLER REJECTS, two extra-special issues to keep you creaming. THE BEST OF HUSTLER features the



sickest humor, the hardest-hitting articles and the hottest honeys of the year, while HUSTLER REJECTS proudly displays those brazen bimbos so raunchy even *we* didn't dare run them before. Buy them both—if you can handle the action!

"Hello, Mr. President,
I'm your singing Terrorgram;
The People's Army's holding 20 captives in Iran.
They'll kill everyone, and all the blood is on your hands,
Unless you meet the following
musical demands. . . ."



That's Entertainment

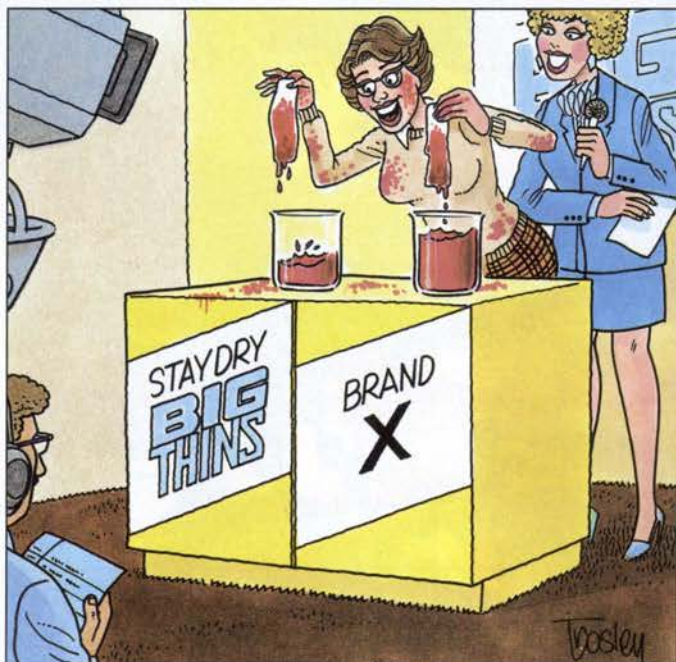
A melodic new breed of stagestruck international terrorists have

finally managed to work their way into the President's heart. Despite his hard-line stance,

the old showbiz softie can't resist the charm of a well-choreographed singing Terrorgram soft-shoe routine. These burlesques are designed to pre-

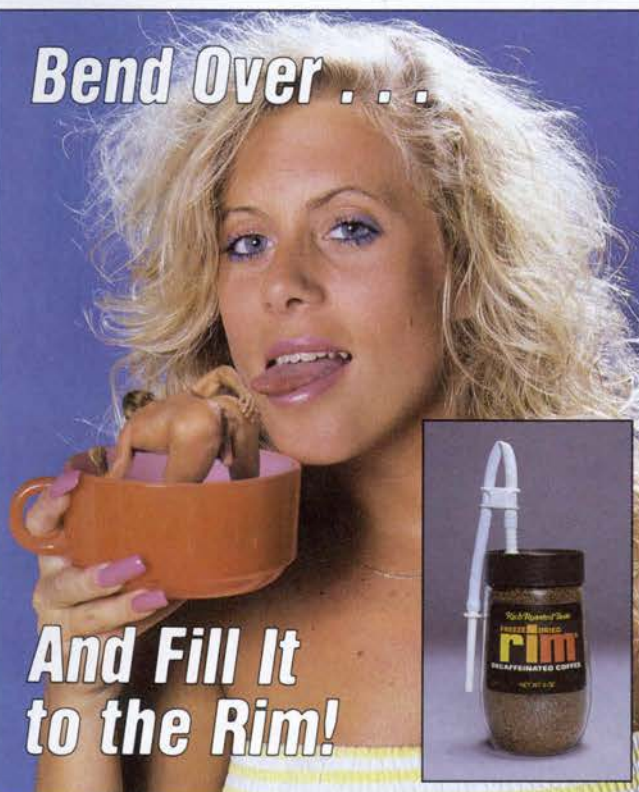
sent the latest ransom demands in a lighthearted, toe-tapping sing-along style that will entertain Cabinet members and next of kin alike.

Most Tasteless Cartoon



"Amazing! The Stay Dry Thin Pad sops up twice as much menstrual flow!!!"

Bend Over . . .

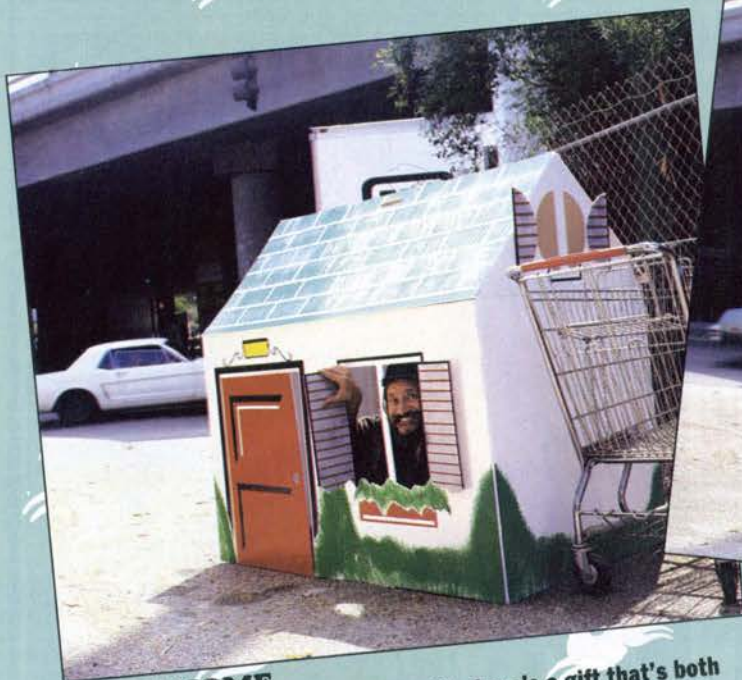
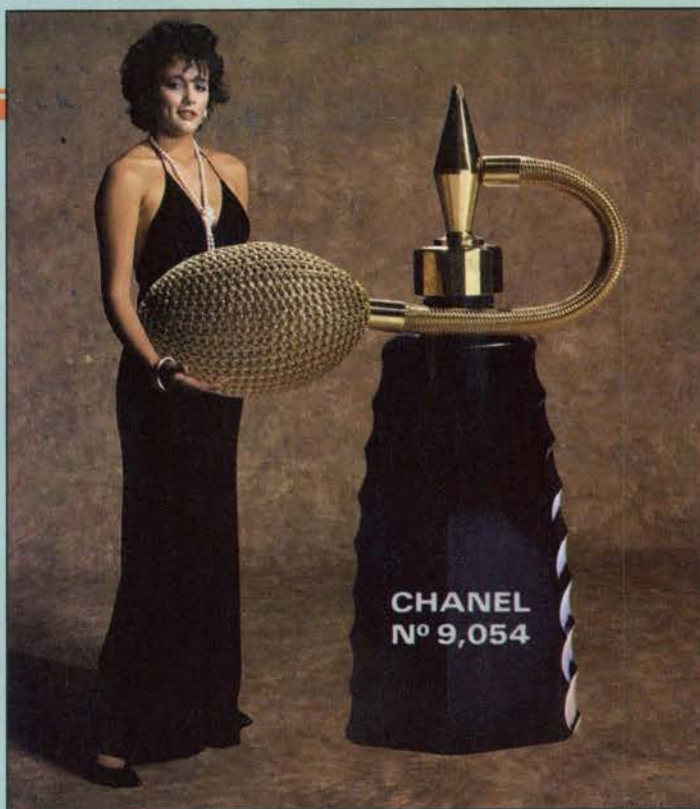


And Fill It to the Rim!

HUSTLER'S Christmas Gift Guide

CHANEL N° 9,054

For the woman who never wants to bother with refilling, there's Chanel N° 9,054, the 60-gallon bottle of perfume with the built-in hydraulic-delivery system similar to that used by septic-tank disposal experts. Now retailing for about \$1 million, Chanel N° 9,054 is available at Neiman-Marcus stores and finer Arab boutiques.



PORTAHOME
For the homeless transient in your life, here's a gift that's both practical and attractive. The Portahome is a spiffy-looking, easily assembled designer cardboard chateau that will lend a touch of class to any back alley or freeway overpass. Portahomes are cozy and easily moved at the first sign of cops, yet roomy enough to entertain two or three friends over a bottle of Ripple. Floor and paper chandelier are optional.





REPULSIVA, INFLATE-A-MATE

At last there's an inflatable love doll that isn't better-looking than the grotesque, oversexed slob who generally use them. Repulsiva looks just like the girl no one would take to the senior prom-zits and all! Not only can ugly guys get their rocks off, but they'll feel like they're doing the doll a favor. Spread 'em, buttface. Daddy's home!



PERPETUATE

Your pooch has been a wonderful companion-loving, faithful, attentive. The only problem is, the sucker's going to croak soon. But with Per-PET-uate, the home intensive-care unit for aging pets, you can prolong Fido's pathetically short life span by as much as five to ten years. He was your best friend; now it's your chance to return the favor.



SWISS ARMY SEX TOY

Be prepared for anything with the all-purpose sex tool even Douglas MacArthur would have endorsed. It's a dildo, whip, nipple clamp, French tickler and much, much more, all in one handy product. With the Swiss Army Sex Toy, you need never again worry about being caught with your pants down.

Porn From the Past

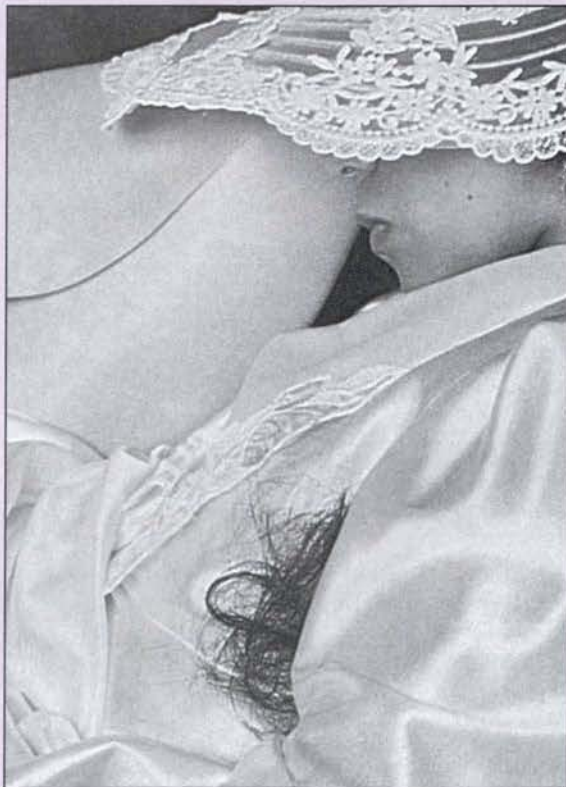


Send those dirty antique photos to: "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. We'll pay \$150 for any photo we publish. Please enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want your pictures returned.

Killer Bees

Those homicidal insects are here, and the yellow perils have picked up a trick or two

from the South American *banditos* whose homeland they passed through. Steer clear of hives the size of mobile homes, and keep your honey under lock and key.



Madonna Clothed?

While those other so-called men's magazines were jerking around with arty photos of the naked superstar, HUSTLER made the true find of the year—rare pictures alleged to be of everyone's favorite Boy Toy fully clothed! Says photographer Leonard Lenscap,

who claims to have met the aspiring sex symbol in the lavatory of a Greyhound bus, "Even back then there was something disturbing about her. Electrolysis might have helped, but at the time she couldn't afford a 50¢ pair of nail clippers." This Material Girl's come a long way.



Sex News Bits

FINAL

2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

December 1985

Technology on the March

Washington, DC—Electronic bulletin boards are a popular way for computer buffs to exchange information on their various interests. Unfortunately, among those taking advantage of this new technology are child molesters. According to Washington legislators, current U.S. laws on the subject are inadequate. But Senator Paul Trible (R-Virginia) is hoping to pass a bill that would make it illegal for pedophiles to exchange the names and addresses of sexually vulnerable children over computer systems.

Hot Off the Presses

Austin, TX—"Incest, rape, fornication, homosexuality, mass-inflicted abortions, lasciviousness, adultery, sadomasochism, pedo-

philia, lusting, bestiality, masturbation, lewdness, copulation and sodomy"... this is how an underground publishing house describes the content of its latest book. No, it's not *Alan Alda: The Untold Story*. The American Atheist Press has just released an X-rated edition of that religious classic, the Bible. Apparently, the basic material is all taken from the King James version, but with rather explicit additional commentary. The Atheists may unwittingly generate a new surge of interest in the Good Book among young people.

Urban Blight

San Francisco, CA—This city's North Beach district has long been notorious for its strip joints, live sex shows and sleazy

bars. At last, however, the local citizenry have risen to protest plans for further commercialization of the neighborhood. They have organized to prevent the opening of a Carl's Jr. According to Patrick Roe of the El Cid club, the hamburger chain is "too commercial. It would put a damper on everything."

The Training Wheels of Justice

Cincinnati, OH—Local residents are in an uproar over the unpopular decision of Judge Gilbert Bettman, who recently chose to reduce rape charges against two men because their victim supposedly consented to have sex with them. The victim in question was an eight-year-old girl. William Meese (the girl's uncle) and Joseph Kennedy (her mother's boy-

friend) were sentenced to 90 days each on charges of sexual imposition. According to the Honorable Judge Bettman, "There's obviously a difference between somebody grabbing a woman, and some kind of consent with a person in the family."

Foreign Intrigue

Peking, China—Foreigners are facing a new and unexpected danger in China—panty raids. Frilly underwear is unavailable in their country; so Chinese hotel maids have resorted to extensive pilfering. Western women visiting the Far East should be aware that although it is safe to wear expensive jewelry out in the street, it may soon be necessary to check their extra bras and panties in the hotel safe.



Smuggler's Blues

American businessmen in Saudi Arabia are encountering a terrible hardship. Since the place is completely dry, once self-respecting boozehounds are forced to go to drastic lengths to smuggle li-

quor into the country. The penalties for getting caught are horrifying, but, sadly, for many thirsty travelers the risk of getting tossed in the hole with crazed sodomites is worth it, just for that next cheap bourbon hit.

Aye, Robots

What do you give to someone who has everything? How about a robot servant? Now there's a whole line of mechanical pals, ranging from a none-too-sexy French maid to a fur-bearing pet

nothing messier than the occasional D-battery, all available from Servitron Robots Inc. (1009 Grant Street, Denver, CO 80203). Just imagine what it would be like if they could put that much life into inflatable love dolls...



Contributors

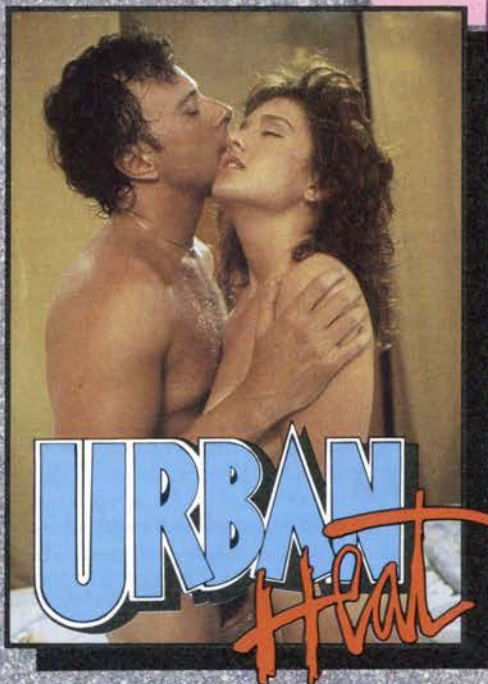
HUSTLER pays \$150 for each reader-submitted Bits and Pieces item. In the event that two or more readers' submissions are used in one B&P item, the payment is \$50 for each submission. Larry Flynt Publications retains all rights to any material submitted, but we'll return any rejected material and original artwork (not including photos) on request if an SASE is enclosed. For this month \$150 goes to Sam Parker. HUSTLER's comments on pictures, people, trademarks and/or copyrighted material ("items") are only its opinion (frequently in the form of parody or satire) based solely on only those facts (including the pictures) disclosed. HUSTLER's use of such items is not authorized by the persons named and/or depicted by the trademark or copyright owners, and no such authorization should be inferred.

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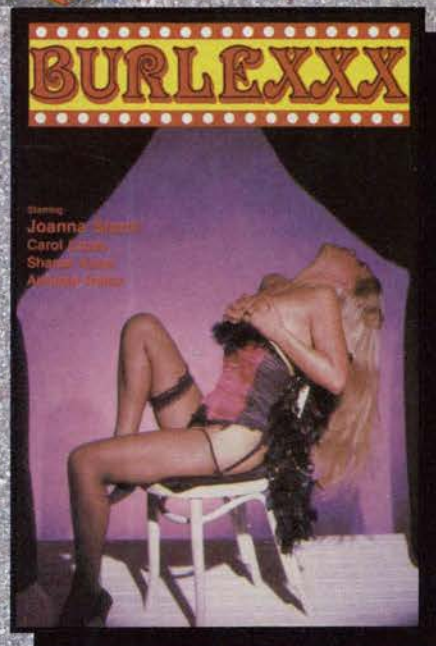


BURLEXXX

A young couple decide to take in the hottest burlesque show in town, and end up on a sexual rollercoaster that leaves them happily exhausted.

URBAN HEAT—When it gets hot, people get crazy—and that's exactly what happens when a heat wave blows into the Big City. Six sizzling sex scenes testify to the unbridled desires kindled by URBAN HEAT!

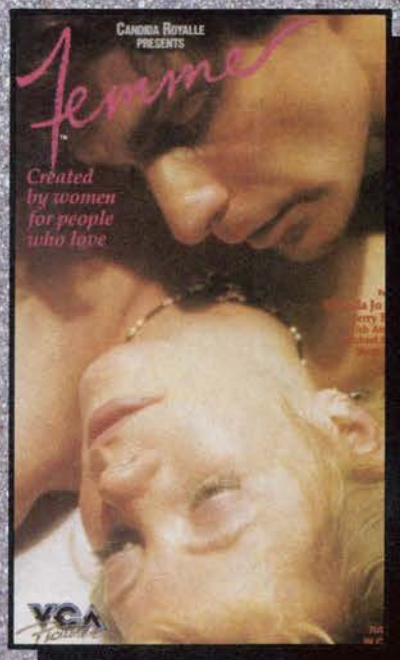
FEMME—The original. Conceived and created by women, FEMME is an unprecedented erotic video with the woman in mind. See it with someone you love.



Starring
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Carol Kane
Sharon Stone
Anthony Quinn

ALL FILMS ARE
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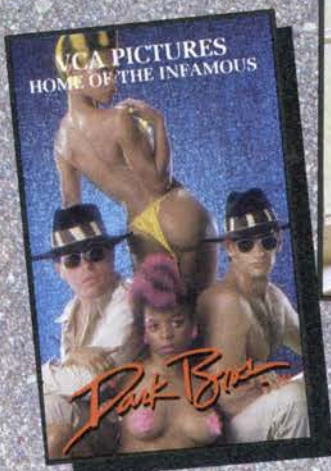
CHRISTINE'S SECRET—A charming country inn provides the backdrop for a weekend of sensual encounters in CHRISTINE'S SECRET. This is one "nature film" that adds new meaning to "the great outdoors!"



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X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Doug Oliver

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. *HUSTLER's* reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

Tickled Pink

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Robert Michaels; written and directed by Jay Paul; starring Taija Rae, Eric Edwards, Sharon Kane, Johnny Nineteen, Rhonda Jo Petty, Saud Iblis, Melanie Scott, Sarah Bernard, Steve Reynolds, Tasha Voux and Crystal Cox. Running time: 80 minutes.



'Tickled': Sharon Kane tickles Taija Rae's pink in this aptly named film.

Tickled Pink—one of the few East Coast films that don't look as if they were shot through soot—is a rollicking sex farce about a married couple (Taija Rae and Eric Edwards) who are trying to spice up their boring love life. They toss around some possibilities ("Do you want me to shit on you?" "No. We tried that last Christmas, and it just got all over everything.") and swap arousing stories about the coffee-delivery persons where they work: Edwards's is named Miss Bottomly (Melanie Scott), and he beats off into an artificial vagina while fantasizing about dorking her. The coffee boy at Rae's office is a stud named Hector (Saud Iblis) who falls prey to tough Rhonda Jo Petty. She drags him into the toilet, bosses him around, chews his dick, then puts him on hold while she gets it on with Crystal Cox, who's been spying on them from a stall. Iblis finally bones Petty on the sink, then, worn out from the Rhonda Jo experience, staggers out of the rest room and collapses.

Edwards and Rae decide to invite Scott and Iblis home. Their successful encounters with these strangers give Edwards the solution to their sexual blahs—



Studs Johnny Nineteen and Eric Edwards savor Sharon Kane in 'Tickled Pink.'

swingers! He places an ad in a swingers magazine and, when Sharon Kane and Johnny Nineteen (a name descriptive neither of this guy's age nor endowment) turn up, they're primed and ready. The problem is that Kane and Nineteen are house-hunting and have come to the wrong address. What follows is sexy, fun and a hell of a way to sell real estate.

By the time the real swingers arrive, the two couples have been joined by Iblis and a cookie-selling girl scout (an amazing Streisand lookalike, Tasha Voux), and a full-blown orgy is in progress. Introductions are made, everything and everyone is sorted out, and the orgy climaxes—as all orgies do—in a shower of semen.

Tickled Pink's brisk pace, lively cast and abundance of sex keep its familiar plot from bogging down—and manage to make you laugh while making you hard. —D. O.

Taboo American Style, Part IV

Half Erect. Produced by James



Sarah Bernard and Kelly Nichols enjoy a clandestine fuck in 'Taboo.'

George; written by Rick Marx; directed by Henri Pachard; starring



Mother (Gloria Leonard) and son (Tom Byron) break a taboo in this incest flick.

Raven, Paul Thomas, Gloria Leonard, Tom Byron, Joey Silvera, Kelly Nichols, Sarah Bernard, Sharon Kane, Frank Serrone and Jose Duval. Running time: 80 minutes.

Well, here it is: the grand finale to the four-part saga of super-bitch Raven's ruthless climb to the top. This last installment finds the family that she's screwed reduced to a total shambles. Her beyond-neurotic mother is hopelessly addicted to sedatives, her brother is a pathetic drunk, and her father, crushed by her rejection of him, commits suicide. Still going strong, Raven manages to ruin two more lives in this final episode.

At her lavish cocktail party for some film-world biggies, Raven observes director Joey Silvera's wife (Sarah Bernard) and the actress set to star in his next film (Kelly Nichols) sneak upstairs for

Bernard that Silvera doesn't want to see her anymore.

With a bit of sexual blackmail, Raven lands a super-agent (Jose Duval) and with a roll in the hay wins over the only critic who really lambasted her. When the call from Hollywood comes, she's ready. Her father (Thomas), distraught, pleads with her to stay, but Raven, having chewed him up now spits him out with, "Bye, Mother. Bye, Father. I'll call" as she walks to her waiting limo, Hollywood and superstardom.

Like *Part II* of the series, this film is short on sex and long on plot development, a definite minus for devotees of wall-to-wallers, but a plus for those who prefer strong stories and interesting characters to mere mindless boffing.

A voice-over narration at the end hints at more sequels to this dynamite mini-series. Six or eight episodes would truly make *Taboo American Style* the Masterpiece Theatre of sex.

—D. O.

Night Prowlers

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Howard Edwards; written and directed by Will Kelly; starring Harry Reems, Heather Wayne, Susan Hart, Herschel Savage, Cara Lott, Kevin James, Cheri Janvier, Steve Drake, Ami Rogers and Miles. Running time: 86 minutes.

This film comes closer than any so far to capturing Heather Wayne's angelic beauty—and for that accomplishment alone it is worth a peek. But that's not all *Night Prowlers* has going for it. Good performances by Harry Reems, Wayne, Cara Lott and Susan Hart (one of the most gifted bone-gulpers in the business), good pacing and some torrid sex combine to make this well-directed film an engrossing tale of comedy and intrigue.

Here's what happens: Wayne and Hart are a couple of call-girls—with a twist. They come back later and burglarize their johns' homes. Reems plays a police detective who, coincidentally, lives in their apartment complex and is assigned to their case. He meets the girls one night after he's been knocked cold by Cara Lott's boyfriend. (Reems had just fucked Lott—who, by the way, has one of the prettiest pink assholes in porn... too bad the



Cat burglar Heather Wayne knows how to case a joint in 'Night Prowlers.'

producers don't use it—which didn't put her boyfriend in a particularly good frame of mind.)

Wayne and Hart drag Reems to their apartment, nurse him back to health and give him a taste—a good taste—of their talents. He thinks they're just a couple of hot chicks and invites them to dinner. When they find out he's a cop, they give him the cold shoulder. Unfortunately, they also give him their phone number, which is the same as that of the unknown call-girls who are linked to the burglaries.

Reems finally puts two and two together, stakes out a probable burglary site and, of course, gets his girls. Cara marries her boyfriend and everyone lives.

Though *Night Prowlers'* movie-of-the-week plot won't win any awards, this buoyant trifle is distinguished by its good cast, lack of sexual violence and lengthy fuck scenes. Give it a look. —D. O.

cum-shots, and the so-called story self-destructs... and takes some characters with it. The result is an X-rated movie with all of Aulbach's middle-of-the-road elements in place, but without the redeeming qualities of some of her past efforts, such as *Between Lovers*.

In Aulbach's current epic, Jamie Gillis plays a psychologist who has put together a special secretarial pool: By day the girls take dictation at their desks; by night they take dicks in a brothel suite. The time and energy that Gillis has put into pimping, however, has strained his marriage. Wife Sharon Mitchell can't figure out why he's not interested in scratching the itch between her legs when he drags home late at night.

John Leslie, Mitchell's ex-lover, puts her wise to Gillis's operation in hopes that he can get into her pants while she's in the

mood for revenge.

When a small-time, not-too-bright hood (Herschel Savage) tries to crash Gillis's operation, Gillis knocks him out, ties him to a bed and sics a couple of whores on him. Mitchell's friend (Helga Sven) shows up to get her son laid at the office whorehouse, stumbles in on Savage and, after fucking him silly, lets him loose. Mitchell shows up to say all is forgiven and Gillis, realizing the error of his ways, decides to turn his stable over to the hoods and go back to being a happily married psychologist.

If you think this sounds preposterous, you can imagine how stupid the film really is. Stupidity has never gotten in the way of good, entertaining porn, of course, but in this case the movie is a serious attempt at banal drama, and its inanity looks unintentional.

The problem is that *How Do You Like It* is two movies. One stars Mitchell as a wholesome housewife whose love scenes with Gillis and John Leslie are handled with loving care. The other movie features a gaggle of not especially beautiful women mindlessly sucking their little heads off. The plot is more suggested than presented, and loose ends are conveniently explained away rather than tied up.

In the sex department Aurora and Melanie Scott deliver a couple of great blowjobs, and Mitchell does her best to bang her lovers into weary insensibility. But Aulbach's heavy-handed sensuality ultimately overwhelms this film—what it really needed was urgent raunch.

—Jim Dawson



Aurora teaches all she knows to virgin Tom Byron in 'How Do You Like It.'

ON THE CIRCUIT

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of *HUSTLER*. The films named below may currently be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.

Fully Erect

Every Woman Has a Fantasy
Firestorm
Great Sexpectations
Insatiable II
New Wave Hookers
Professional Janine
Snake Eyes
Spitfire

Three-Quarters Erect

Bedtime Tales
Girls on Fire
Jailhouse Girls
Matinee Idol
More Reel People, Part 2
Passions
Perfect Fit
Pussycat Galore
Squalor Motel
Stiff Competition
Taboo American Style, Part I
Taboo American Style, Part III
The Grafenberg Spot
Too Naughty to Say No
Trinity Brown
Viva Vanessa—The Undresser

Half Erect

Beverly Hills Exposed
Burlexxx
Dames
First Time at Cherry High
Good Girl/Bad Girl
Hostage Girls
Illusions of Ecstasy
Inside Little Oral Annie
Inside Marilyn
Taboo American Style, Part II
The Pink Lagoon
The Pleasure Hunt
Up! Up! and Away!

One-Quarter Erect

An Unnatural Act
L'Amour
Sweet Young Foxes
Tower of Power

Totally Limp

Bordello
For Services Rendered

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE

-  FULLY ERECT
Superior. A top production.
-  THREE-QUARTERS ERECT
A well-made film.
-  HALF ERECT
So-so. Limited appeal.
-  ONE-QUARTER ERECT
Poor. Don't expect much.
-  TOTALLY LIMP
A waste of time and money.

How Do You Like It

One-Quarter Erect. Produced and directed by Marga Aulbach; written by Chester H. Carlfi; starring Sharon Mitchell, Jamie Gillis, John Leslie, Helga Sven, Tom Byron, Pamela Jennings, Aurora, Melanie Scott, Herschel Savage and Robin Cannes. Running time: 85 minutes.

Filmmaker Marga Aulbach is as well-known for her stand against raincoat sensibilities as for her brightly lit sitcoms that favor characterization and story over cum-shots. In her latest film, however, she has tipped the scales. There are several graphic

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This page was removed by LFP as per legal obligation

declaring himself the best lover. Overall, *Hindsight's* an enjoyable sexvid. Its only real drawback is lousy sound. —S. G.

Big Busty Video No. 3

(Ambassador Video) Fanatic worshippers of big ol' hangin' jugs will get a kick out of this tape, but for those who need something beyond massive mounds of chesty protoplasm to get off, this edi-



tion of *Big Busty* may prove somewhat less than fulfilling. There's certainly no shortage of mammary glands here; the first broad featured, Candy Kane, packs enough titty to support a small tribe of Hell's Angels. In fact, if she were fileted, she could feed a small Third World nation. Also on the tape are Little Oral Annie (billed on the screen as Annie P., she looks ten years younger and is by far the hottest mamma featured), Kitten Natividad and Annie Sprinkle. These three bounce their beach balls, shimmy, shake, do jumping jacks, massage lotion into their frontal globes and suck their own nipples. Though *Big Busty* begs for some stiff bone to slide in all that cleavage, there is no penetration or intercourse of any kind. It's totally soft-core. But for tit fetishists, this is no bust. —A. M.

Gang Bang

(VCR) Though possibly one of the most schizophrenic sexvids in the history of porn—it jumps back and forth in time without warning or logic—*Gang Bang* certainly lives up to its name. Four-count 'em—gang-fucks highlight this unusual production. It stars

Peter North as a horny guy who decides to liven up a lonely Saturday night by going to the neighborhood strip joint. There, talkative bartender Dan T. Mann proceeds to get North all steamed up with tales of his sexual adventures—two of which take place in a biker bar. In the first, Mann and four buddies encounter busty Christy Canyon, who submits—not unwillingly—to a gang-bang. It sounds hot, but the result is a listless fiveway, marred by terrible camerawork and nonstop idiotic chatter from the studs, who sound like Cheech and Chong at their worst. The second is more heated. Erica Boyer takes on the guys, and the temperature really rises. Back at the strip joint North joins Susan Hart onstage, where this gifted cocksucker gives him the blow-job of his career. But the most sensuous fuck is between North and the incredible Nina Hartley. It finishes off the tape, and it will finish you off... if the gang-bangs don't do it first. —S. G.

Lust in Space

(Paradise Visuals) Ali Moore, a relatively fresh face in the West Coast's porn-flesh pool, stars as Vulva, a girl who has escaped to Earth from a planet in outer space where sex is forbidden. Her goal is to do as much fucking as she possibly can before the evil prudes of her home planet capture her and take her back. Vulva is such a hot little number that any red-blooded guy would be only too happy to assist in her chosen mission. And she has no trouble meeting willing and able-bodied takers. The action shifts between Earth and planet Zitcom, where an evil queen reigns in spaced-out makeup and bi-



zarre costumes. Harry Reems, in hot pursuit of Vulva, has a non-sex role as the queen's agent, Twit. When the comically bumbling Twit catches up with Vulva, she's already balled a hick, stolen his pickup truck and hooked up with a swinging Los Angeles couple who throw lingerie parties for a living—which is a great way to break into a closing orgy scene. There's a lot of fucking in this silly sex-comedy, and some is even arousing, but for the most part there's nothing to distinguish this tape from the multitude of run-of-the-mill sexvids flooding the market. Unfortunately, it looks as if there's going to be a sequel. —A. M.

Dick of Death

(Visual Entertainment Productions) Obviously, the writers of this dreadful sexvid started with a terrific title and then tried to construct a story around it. And they threw in everything: detectives, government agents, lesbians, a mysterious madam, a sinis-



ter servant named Igor, a transvestite sex slave and a stocking-masked rapist whose cum offs chicks faster than a hit of cyanide. They threw in everything except hot sex and a story that makes any sense. George Payne, the crazed and deadly rapist, has several great maniacal moments, and the opening rape scene in which Tiffany Clark gets it in the bathtub is—perversely—one of the most sensual depictions of forced sex known to civilized man. The remaining fucks, however, range from adequate to disposable. Absent and unaccounted for is an explanation of why Payne's semen is so poisonous. Also absent is tension—sexual or otherwise—and any good reason

to watch this tape. At one point Jerry Butler jerks off and then drops into a deep sleep, something you'll risk if you intend to watch *Dick of Death* all the way through. —A. M.

B.Y.O.B.

(Vidco) Nonstop fucking and sucking is what *B.Y.O.B.* delivers, plus an attractive cast that in-



cludes some petite and quite pretty girls—Ali Moore and Tess Ferre to name only two. Unfortunately, most of the action is too long, drawn-out and low-key to be called pulse-quickening. Oriental dynamo Kristara Barrington manages to raise the energy level in her three-way with Gary Sheene and Sasha Gabor, but later the energy is abandoned in her laid-back lesbian interlude with Tess Ferre. (At first it looks as if they're going to go all the way with a double-headed dildo, but they cast it aside in favor of pointless pawing devoid of any urgency.) The closing orgy is a cluttered and tepid display that typifies the fucking in *B.Y.O.B.* The initials stand for Bring Your Own Body—and while that's true (there are some exceptional bodies in this tape), it's too bad that they left their desire at home. —A. M.

Charming Cheapies, Volume 1

(4 Play Video) First in a series of low-cost, 30-minute pornvids, this juicy tidbit titled *Joy's Many Loves* stars fuck-bunny Jade Nichols. Though insatiable Jade dives on workaholic hubby Shone Tee's cock, he's anxious to



The insatiable Nina Hartley takes on all comers in 'Gang Bang.'

get to his job and puts her off till he comes home. His remark that he's sure she'll find ways to amuse herself while he's gone couldn't be truer. Jade's fingers have hardly cooled and dried from wanking her clit, when Gary Sheene pops in for a blow-job and a quick fuck. And as soon as he's come and gone, two more dudes drop in one after the other to squirt semen all over Nichols. Though the scenes are brief—don't forget, this is only a half-hour tape—they occasionally scorch, which is exactly what this unpretentious label promises . . . and delivers.

—J. M.

Hot Rockers

(Ultra Heat Video) Porn actress Tiffany Clark wrote and directed this 82-minute look at the trials and tribulations of a female punk-rock star (Sharon Kane). Done in an interview style, Kane spills the beans on why her band is frequently late for gigs—and it's not because they can't get their cars started. In one scene Kane takes a wild fuck from Jose

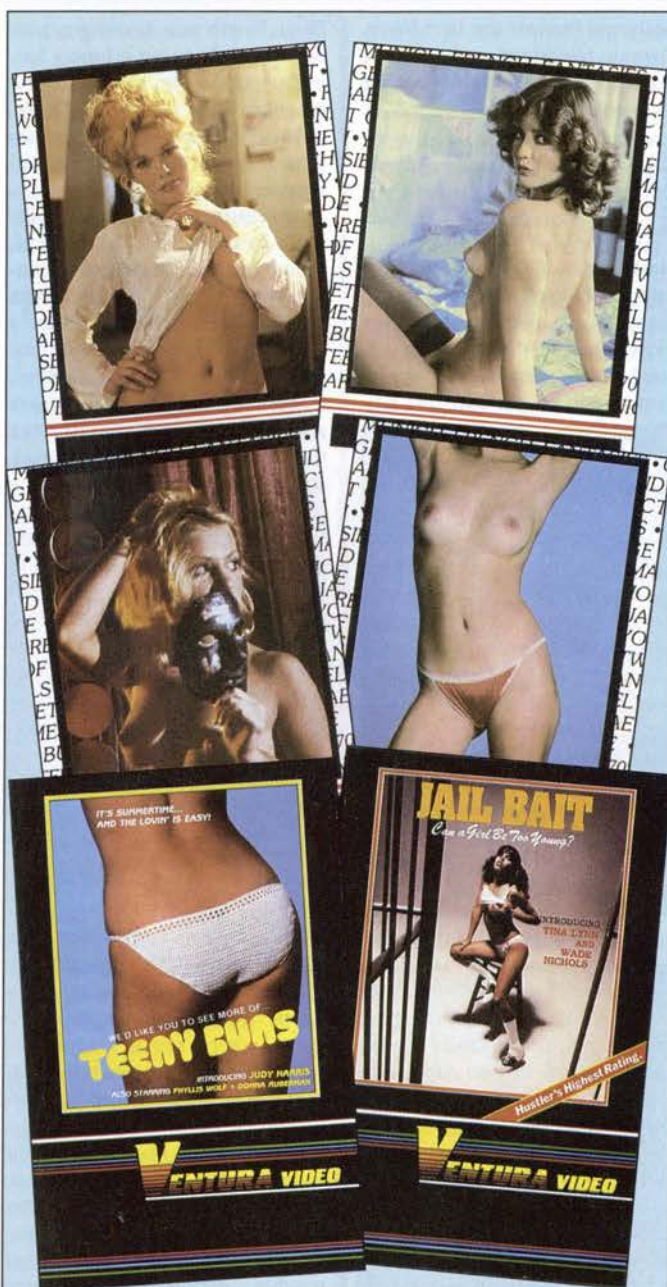
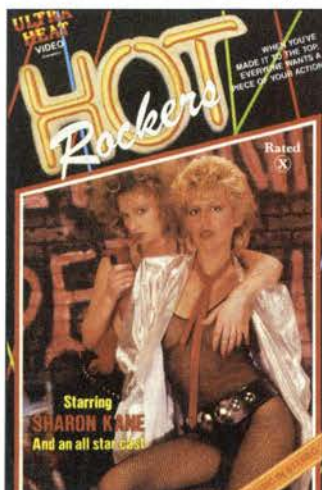
Duval, who pours champagne on her clit. There's a fuckfest between the guitarist and drummer (George Payne and Taija Rae), and bassist Johnny Nineteen gets a cramp in his tongue from sucking off the makeup girl. When the band finally starts playing, the tape turns into a rock-video montage that's actually not too bad. Afterward Kane gets together with an adoring, big-dicked fan (Bobby Spector) who she'd picked up earlier, and the two masturbate for each other in her dressing room. (It's a surprisingly hot scene considering they never touch each other.) Tiffany Clark's work is refreshing, well-produced and combustible. Handle with care.

—J. M.

The Best of Seka

(Diverse Industries) *The Best of Seka* brings the sleazy old days of adult-book-store arcades right into your home. This collection of six loops dates back at least five years and features superstar porn queen Seka expertly sucking dick, eating pussy, riding cock and probing her bunghole with some unusual toys. Predominantly shot in extreme close-up, there's virtually nothing to distract from the giant genitalia on the screen—and there's no dialogue whatsoever. For the record the titles included in this cassette are Seka's *Sauna*, *Heavenly Bodies*, *A Private Affair*, *Desert Flower*, *Pastel Passions* and *Anal Ecstasy*. Whether this is actually Seka's best is arguable, but for the blond goddess's fans who might have missed these numbers, it won't matter.

—S. G.



Treasure Unearthed

Jailbait. *Teeny Buns*. *Spirit of Seventy-Sex*. *Serena—An Adult Fairy Tale*. If you haven't seen these films, you'll want to. According to the dean of porn historians, Jim Holliday, they're all 1970s sleepers—fuck films that have been sadly overlooked by the "instant experts" of the video era. Holliday, who covers them in-depth in his upcoming book, *Only the Best*, says, "Production-wise they're the equal of 50% to 70% of today's product. Whatever they may lack in today's terms, they more than make up for in my major critical criterion for adult films—eroticism. And they reintroduce such exceptional performers as Abigail Clayton (a goddess of perfection, unique in porn), Christine Heller, China Leigh, Wade Nichols, Tyler Horne and Sandy Pinney."

These overlooked treasures along with others of similar merit (*Lure of the Triangle*, *Virgin Dreams*, *Teenage Pajama Party* and *Odyssey*) are mandatory viewing for those who are nostalgic for the golden age of porn. For details call Ventura Video (1-800-325-7415 or, in California, 818-996-5668).

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THIS MONTHS TOP 40

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| <input type="checkbox"/> 2 SEX WAVES | <input type="checkbox"/> 22 PINK LAGOON |
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| <input type="checkbox"/> 14 PLEASURE HUNT | <input type="checkbox"/> 34 TALK DIRTY TO ME III |
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FEEDBACK

(continued from page 14)

Why don't you give us, your paying customers, the magazine we deserve—especially the quality. It was terrible. Don't you know how much we depend on you?

If you don't have us, who's gonna buy your magazine? Shame on you.

—Mary F.
Mount Holly, Arkansas

LUST IN THE JUNGLE:

I love your magazine. I try to get every issue I can. Anyway, I just *loved* your May '85 issue especially. I'm writing to you because I want to make a comment on the *Lust in the Jungle* pictorial. I fell in love with the zebra even though she is pictured with another woman (the leopard). I would love to jump her bones one day, and I would like to see more pictures of her in future issues. She would be the perfect woman for me. I look at those photos almost every day and just think what I could do with her. Also, I would have loved to be the one who painted the stripes on her.

—A Zebra Lover
Mifflintown, Pennsylvania

I LOVES YOU, BESS:

I have your September '85 issue. It's now mine. I'm in love with Bess and Belinda, "the cotton pickers" in your pictorial *I*

Loves You, Bess. I have them hanging on the wall in my weight room, lusting and sweating. Delicious they are. I specialize in eating pussy. They are mouth-watering.

—Nice and Nasty
Address Withheld by Request

This letter is in response to a September '85 HUSTLER photo-set titled *I Loves You, Bess*. Personally, I don't think you did the women any justice at all. There were no frontal shots or any shots that showed your readers what these women had to show. Only *one* picture in that entire segment even showed pink at all, and I think that was terrible. When it comes to white women, you seem to be more apt to show off their wares. All of your models are beautiful women and, if you are going to expose them to the public, you should at least try to be fair about it. The black models were very desirable women who deserved a lot more of their bodies exposed than you were obviously willing to show.

Is it possible for you to photograph those two women again in the near future and *showing pink*? —Disappointed Reader
Address Withheld by Request

HAIRY GIRL:

I would like to comment on your September '85 issue. I think your photography of *Sheena: Primitive Passion* really sucked.

I don't like hairy women. Sheena looked like a guy with tits and a pussy. (Come on, cut the hair.)

—D. W. L.
Blue Springs, Missouri

SOUTH AFRICA:

I am a GI stationed in Germany. The news programs and newspapers offered here in English are woefully inadequate to keep me thoroughly informed on what I consider the important issues of the day. The stance that Mr. Jerry Falwell took in defense of the government of South Africa made me see a little more clearly what his God looks like and the type of actions that his God condones. If he is truly the leader of his Moral Majority, the followers are doomed. I also challenge our President, Mr. Ronald Reagan, to negotiate with Bishop Desmond Tutu about sending military aid to the blacks in South Africa. Tutu has already expressed that his country will remember their friends. God knows that we need a friend strong and true in Africa.

Our country, I like to believe, has always been interested in liberty and justice. Here is a golden opportunity to show that "we ain't just whistlin' Dixie" and that we mean just what we say. I'd be proud to fight beside the blacks in South Africa in their just war against the yoke of oppression that is so heavy there. I am still in the Army and am sure that there is a regulation that would get me into hot water about this; so please do not print my name. Just call me SP6. My wife and I read your magazine every month even if it is four bucks; that's high with two younguns. But it is worth it to have a forum that fights so hard for the right to say what you feel. Thanks, and I hope that HUSTLER is around for my two kids when they grow up.

—SP6
Address Withheld by Request

BEAVER HUNT:

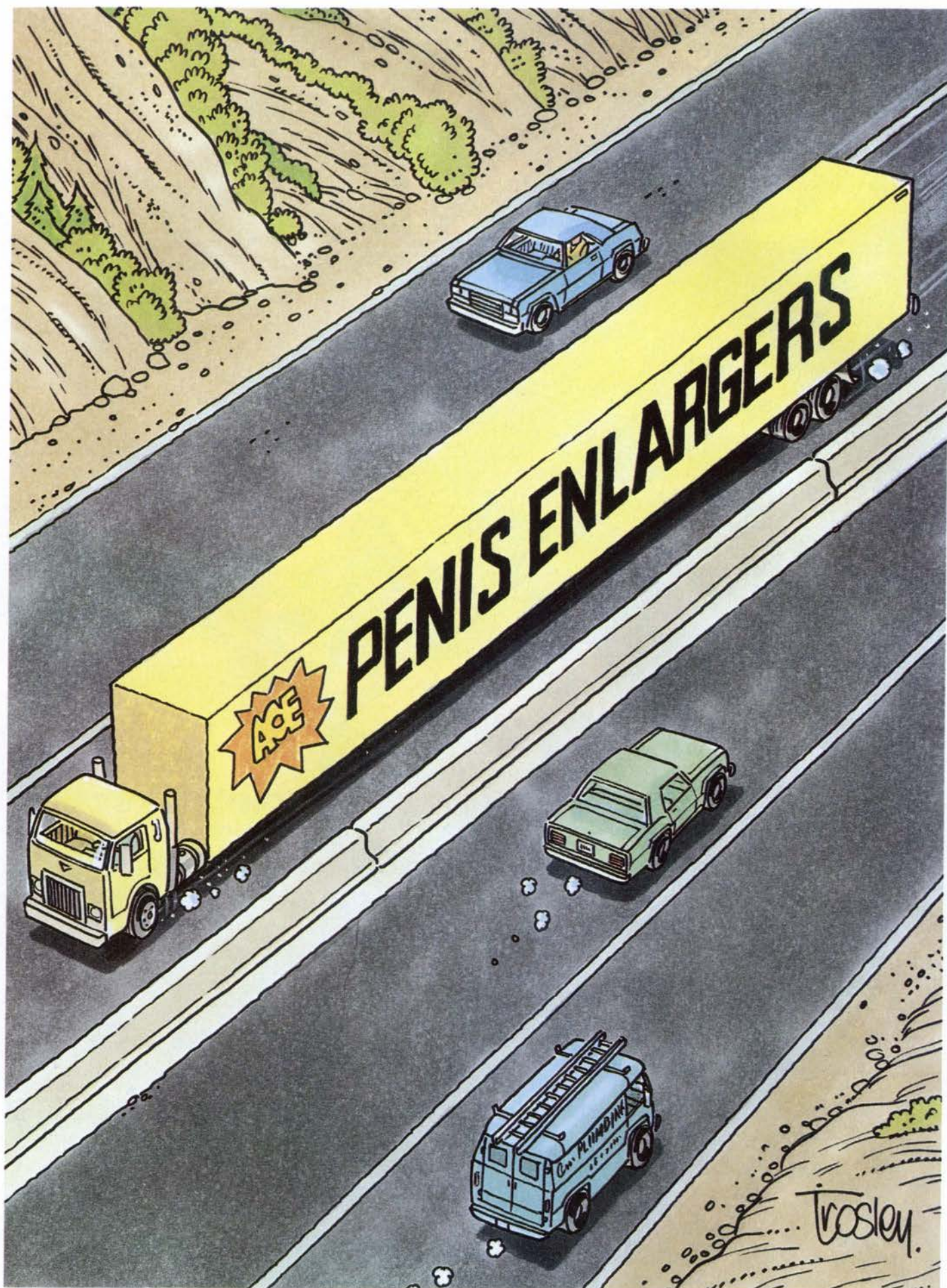
Please run a full-length pictorial of Barbara, the maid from Las Vegas, Nevada, who appeared in the October '85 *Beaver Hunt*. She is extremely attractive and, if her front is anything like her backside, then one of your excellent HUSTLER photographers should certainly capture all her beauty. She can tickle me with her feather duster anytime!

—Dedicated Reader
San Diego, California

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (preferably typed or neatly printed) to Feedback, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Include a listed telephone number if you want your letter considered for publication.



"Of course I respect you. I really, really, really do!
Now will you give me some pussy?"



CORY

COME
BLOW
YOUR
HORN



Photography by James Baes



"Good sax is what life is all about," laughs curvaceous Cory. "The wind instruments are all incredibly sexy," she points out slyly. "But they're not the only things I like to blow."

The foxy blond musician has been playing it her own way since she was a child. "Guys like to think they're calling all the shots, and sometimes I let them. But you've heard of the Pied Piper, right? That's how I am with men. Once I really turn on the charm, they'll follow me anywhere." Hard to blame them, since Cory is a girl worth getting horny over.







Special Time Of Year
and Music by JACK GOLD and ARNOLD GOLAND









SO WHO IS TONY TUBBS AND WHY WON'T LARRY HOLMES FIGHT HIM?

Larry Holmes doesn't want to fight this kid," Jimmy Ellis says, "and I can't say I blame him. Holmes is a great champion, and he's going for Rocky Marciano's record [49 pro victories without a defeat]." Ellis, himself a former heavyweight champion, discovered Tubbs boxing as an 18-year-old amateur.

"Tony Tubbs is the fastest, most talented fighter in the heavyweight division. We'd give anything to get a shot at Holmes [the World Boxing Council's heavyweight champ]. But it doesn't matter. Whether we stop him while he's going for the record, or unify the titles when he's gone, people are going to know just how good this guy is. Nobody can stop him."

Tony Tubbs is the owner of an astounding 230-10 amateur record, national AAU champion, World Cup champion, owner of a 22-0-0 pro record with 15 knockouts, and current World Boxing Association heavyweight champion, the oldest and most prestigious of the Alphabet Championships, the one held by Joe Louis, Marciano and Ali. A young man with a flashing smile and flashing hands, he has a story to stir the

hearts of even the most grizzled observers. But why doesn't anyone know who he is?

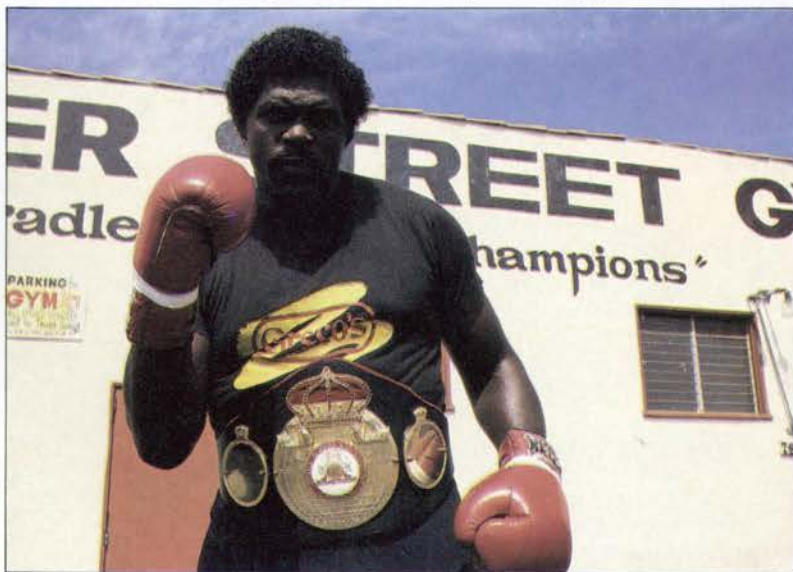
* * *

It's 8 a.m., and Tony Tubbs is working out at the Hoover Street Gym in South Los Angeles, a museum piece if there ever was one. By night, Hoover Street is just another address in the Twilight Zone of urban gang warfare, a war of ego and drug control between the Hoover Street Crips and a dozen other gangs. By day, it's a peaceful, pleasant residential area.

In the ring Jimmy Ellis is schooling his fighter, teaching him a complicated five-punch combination. The object of this aggression is Odell Hadley Sr., a smiling, reed-thin black man who serves as an

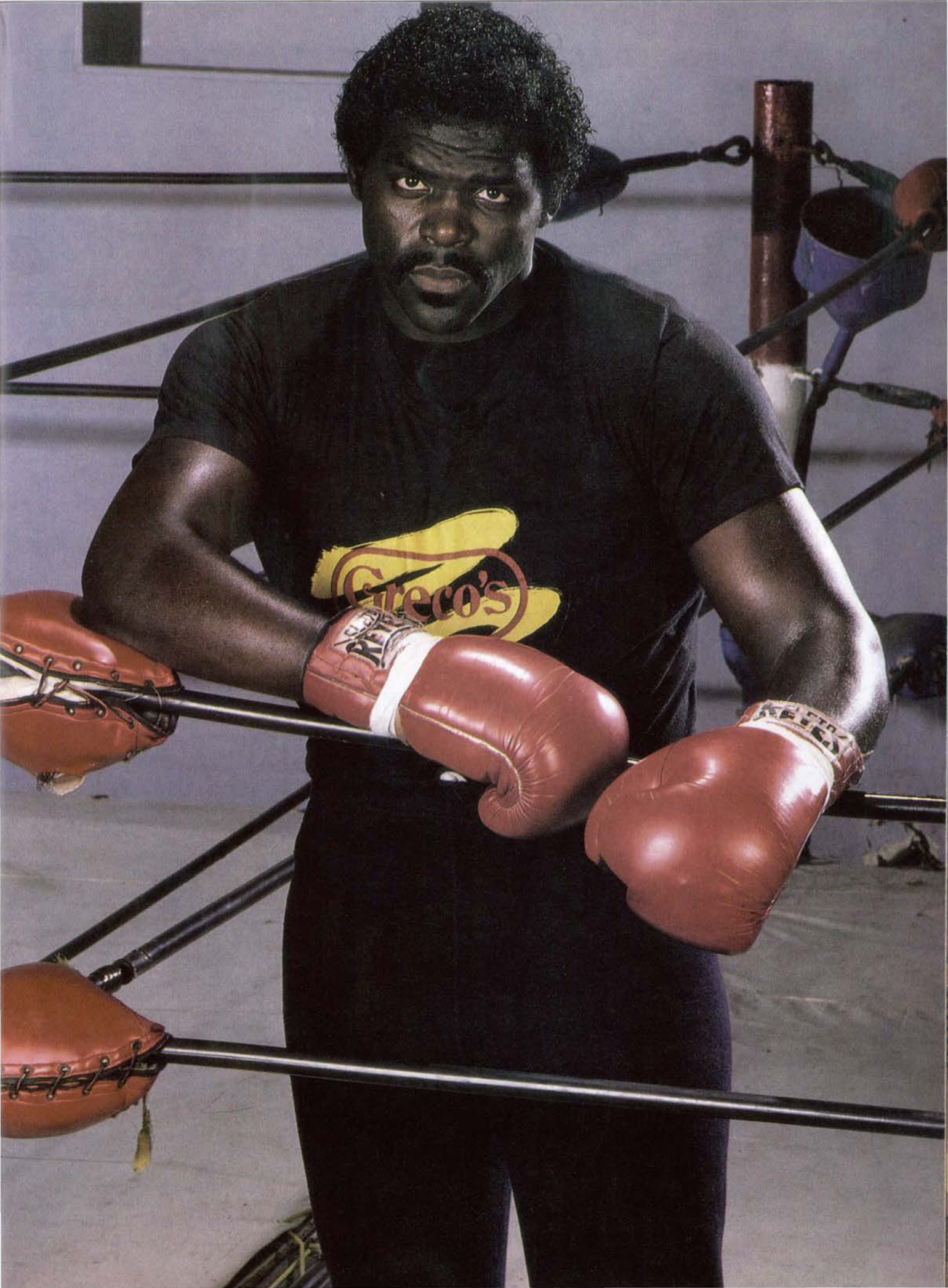
assistant trainer and adviser. On the older man's hands are "mitts," which resemble pocketless catcher's mitts, and around his belly is a rubber-and-canvas pad that is three times thicker than a baseball umpire's chest protector. Tubbs is having a hard time coordinating the hand and foot movement.

The gym's owner, Rick Troxel, is telling bad jokes and speculating about



PROFILE BY JAMES DALESSANDRO

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PAUL KENNEDY



"I'd go home and practice, practice until I had overcome my mistakes. Then I'd go back and get revenge."

which of the hoodlums he ran out of his gym was responsible for firebombing his car. A muscular neighborhood character named Tiny is explaining to two local cops how he was shot twice during an incident that he had "nothing to do with." Meanwhile, an old woman wanders by, her eyes fixed on Tubbs, her mouth moving involuntarily.

In the ring Tubbs has proven Jimmy Ellis correct when he claims his fighter is a "fast learner." After only a half-dozen attempts Tubbs has found his footing, his movement, his power, much to Odell Hadley Sr.'s detriment. First Tubbs lands a left, a right and a left to the mitt Hadley holds overhead. Then he quickly shuffles in and powers two brutal, devastating body-shots to the chest protector, practically lifting Hadley off his feet. At that moment I am reminded of the awesome spectacle of a champion in motion. Tubbs breaks, and Ellis wipes the sweat from his face. After a lifetime of heartbreak, Tony Tubbs has arrived, and he knows it.

The old woman stares up and comments, "We don't need no more ugly champions." Montequé, a fifth-ranked

cruiserweight and one of Tubbs's hometown buddies, adds, "And you should hear the guy sing. I mean, he can *really* sing."

So why hasn't anybody heard of Tony Tubbs?

* * *

Born in Cincinnati, Ohio, one of two boys and seven girls, Tubbs speaks with reverence of his family, particularly his parents, who are still together.

"My father worked hard, real hard, on construction sites to keep the family fed, to keep clothes on our backs. My mother worked at the local Formica plant, cooked, kept the house together and never complained, never seemed to mind. My family is my foundation, my strength. It wasn't a *bad* neighborhood. It was old, working class, mostly black. But there was pride in my neighborhood, even though there was trouble. All the trouble you needed."

Tubbs started fighting in his early teens because he had a friend who was "a little bit on the ugly side." Every time they ventured to a dance or a party, Tubbs's homely pal would ask some girl to dance,

and soon the taunts and torments would start. And it always wound up with Tubbs as the defender of his friend.

By the time Tubbs entered high school, his size and speed made him a standout on the football and baseball teams, but inevitably he returned to the ring. He found out his punching ability could earn him a few dollars. Wherever he went, he carried boxing gear in the trunk of his car. Every time he heard of a local street-fighter who was supposed to be unbeatable, Tubbs would drive to the guy's neighborhood and challenge him under a streetlight, earning the title of the Streetlight Fighter. Tubbs's speed and courage made him a natural fighter. According to his hometown friends, he was rarely beaten, although his opponents were invariably bigger and older.

"When I did get beat," Tubbs says in a soft-spoken, carefully worded reply, "I'd go home, practice, practice, practice, until I had overcome my mistakes. Then I'd go back and get revenge. It never took more than a week."

Friends suggested that Tubbs try his hand at becoming a real fighter, and he went to a neighborhood youth center. The first thing the cocky 17-year-old did was to climb into the ring with a journeyman pro named Charlie Johnson.

"Charlie busted my nose," he says, "split my lip and gave me the beating of my life. For a short time I wondered if this was going to be worth it. Then I went full-speed ahead. I was hooked. From day one I knew I had the stuff to be the champion of the world, and nothing, nothing, was going to stop me."

In his first bout, Tubbs fought one of the most heralded amateurs in history, Greg Page from Louisville, Kentucky, Muhammad Ali's hometown. Page's flashing hands and slick movements brought comparisons with Ali himself. In their first meeting Page broke Tubbs's nose and won the fight.

But Tubbs was learning, and from that point he went on a tear, winning his next 16 fights and capturing the Ohio State Golden Gloves Championship.

Out in Los Angeles, meanwhile, a promoter named Herrold Smith had enticed Muhammad Ali into adding his name, and eventually his presence, to a fighter's gym on Main Street in Santa Monica, barely a block from the Pacific Ocean. Smith dumped enormous sums of money into promoting and developing the gym and became a real force in the world of boxing by simply offering fighters more purse money than any other promoter. He was, however, always vague on where the money came from.

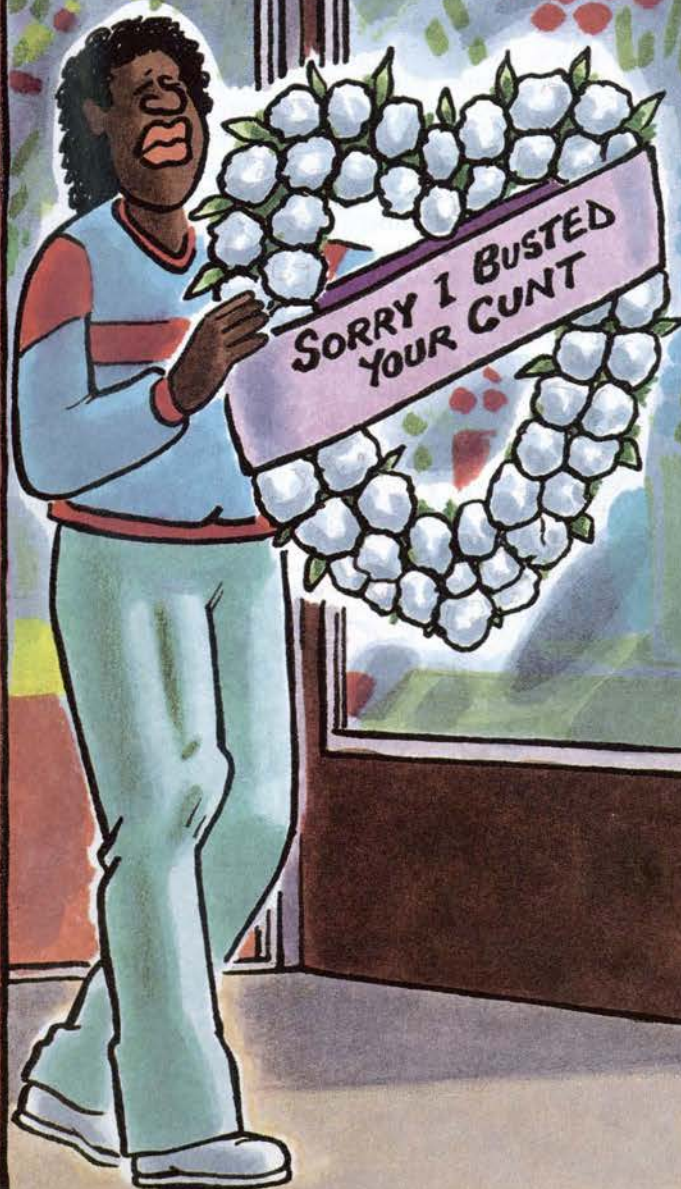
Smith hired Tom Peters, a small, quiet man who had spent his whole life around fighters, to run the gym. Muhammad Ali



"Of course I didn't come . . . I'm a good Catholic!"

SUSIE'S FLORIST SHOP

"SAY IT
WITH
FLOWERS"



DWAINE TINSLEY

"Man, this kid was fast—fast hands, fast feet, fast head movements. He got around the ring as quick as a pro."

began to train there for his fights with Leon Spinks. Ali brought in his old friend Jimmy Ellis from Louisville to act as trainer and scout for new talent.

Ellis is one of the most respected men in boxing. Warm, articulate, soft-spoken, he has an eye for talent. Ellis fought for nearly a dozen years, then one day had his tonsils removed. Within a year he was fighting in the heavyweight division. "I just started growing," he says. He fought Muhammad Ali three times, twice as an amateur, with one victory to his credit. When Ali was stripped of his heavyweight crown for refusing to be inducted into the military, eight men fought for the title, and Jimmy Ellis was the winner.

On a scouting expedition to the Golden Gloves finals at the Ohio State Fair in 1977, Ellis saw 18-year-old Tony Tubbs put on a dazzling display of boxing. "You just don't see many young guys, especially heavyweights, fight like that. Man, this kid was fast—fast hands, fast feet, fast head movement. He got around the ring as quick as a pro."

Ellis introduced himself and asked if Tubbs would like to move to Los Angeles

and fight for the Muhammad Ali Gym. To a young fighter fresh out of high school, it sounded like a first-class ticket to the promised land.

When Tubbs first arrived at the gym, he was even more impressed. Some of the greatest fighters of the modern era were passing through, training, sparring. Tommy Hearn, Alexis Arguello and, of course, Ali himself. Tubbs remembers putting on his gear to go out and spar with Ali. The normally unflappable kid tried hard not to show his nervousness, his enthusiasm. Like so many other young fighters, Ali was his hero, and now he was going to trade punches with him.

For three rounds Tubbs held his own against the dazzling, but aging, legend. Ali smiled and complimented him on his speed, his heart, his style. Scheduled to spar three rounds, Ali called him back for a fourth. When it was over, Ali put his arm around Tubbs and announced to all: "This kid is going to be the champion of the world . . . when I retire."

From that point on Ali became a big brother to Tony Tubbs, and the world looked rosy for the kid who seemed to

have all the tools. "The next Muhammad Ali" was a phrase that seemed to follow Tony Tubbs and, coming from his peers and elders, it carried a lot of weight.

Tubbs grew. The Muhammad Ali Gym grew. "At one time we were the No. 1 amateur team in the country," Tubbs says. Fighters and trainers began to pour in from around the country, and elbow room was at a premium.

Ali worked with Tubbs, and you can see his influence in practically everything that Tony does. He moves his head backward to avoid jabs, instead of ducking. He slips punches, launching stinging counterpunches. He punches in combinations and occasionally drops his hands to lure fighters close to him. And yet he has avoided adopting the more flamboyant parts of Ali's style. He does not make predictions; he does not taunt his opponents; he has yet to be seen doing the Ali shuffle. In his own style Tubbs has picked up the things that have made him a better fighter and ignored the rest.

Tubbs toured the country and the world, racking up a phenomenal string of victories. There was only one man he couldn't seem to beat: Greg Page. They fought seven times as amateurs, and Page won six of the fights. Page was simply bigger, faster and a little more developed.

Page had just beaten Tubbs for the U.S. amateur championship when it was announced that Page would not compete in the World Cup. Tubbs would represent the U.S. in Belgrade, Yugoslavia.

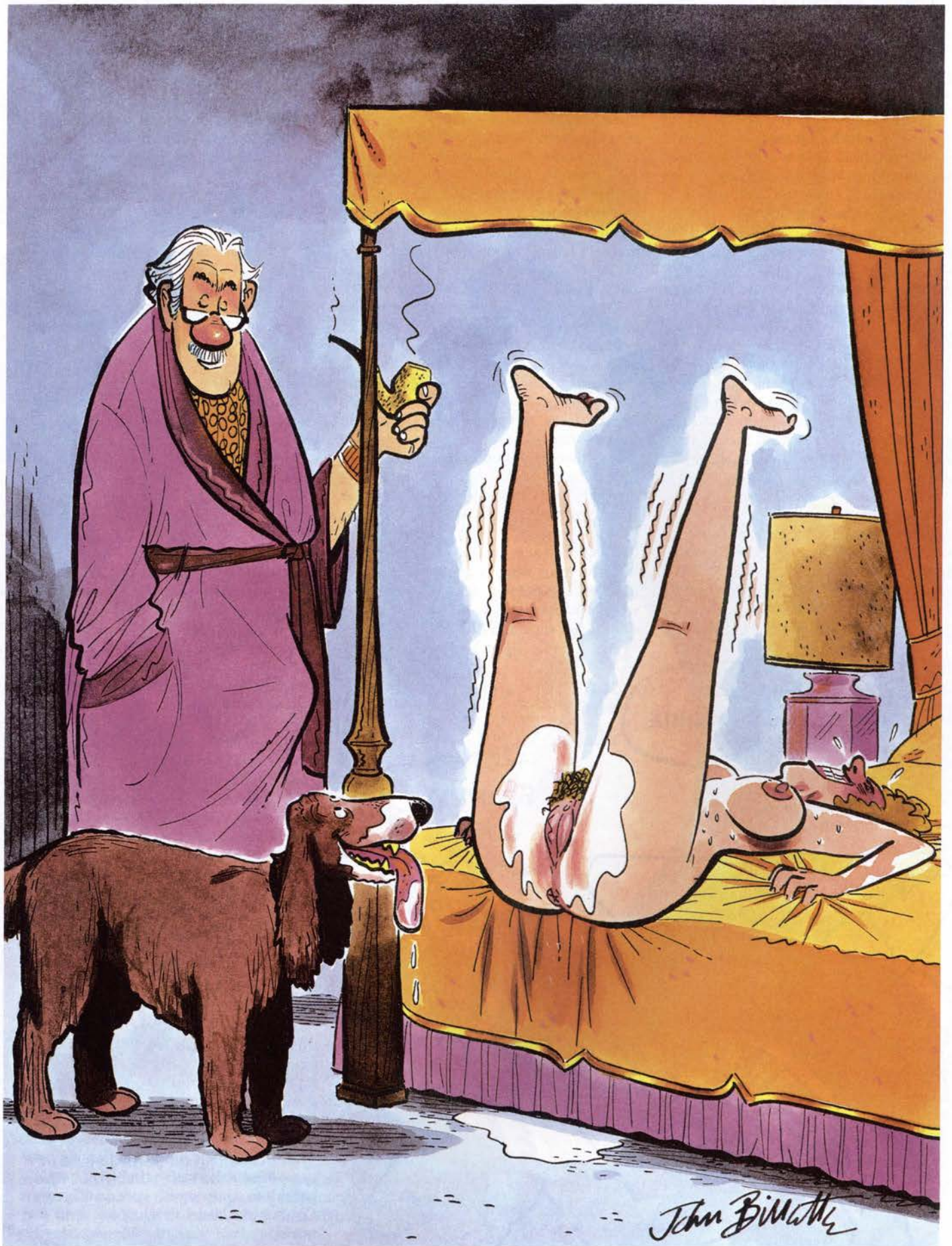
First, Tubbs defeated the African champion and then an older, more experienced Russian. In the championship bout he would face Teofilo Stefonson, the Cuban Giant, the most feared and famous amateur boxer in history.

"The day of the fight, I was getting off an elevator, and Teofilo was getting on. He poked his head out to look at me, and I stared back. Damn, but this guy was big—6-5 or 6-7, I couldn't tell. He must have weighed 245 pounds, solid muscle. I was barely six feet, 190 pounds. He'd already won two Olympic gold medals."

The story was a cross between *Rocky I* and *Rocky IV* (coming soon). In *Rocky IV* the hero fights an invincible undefeated automatonlike Communist superman, notorious for killing or maiming his opponents. In real life the 20-year-old Tony Tubbs has already been there, with no one to yell "cut." He was about to get his head handed to him in front of the whole world. And, like the original Rocky, his goal was simple. "I wanted to go the distance; I wanted him to know he couldn't take me out. But I wanted more. I wanted to beat him. Only one other man, Michael Dokes, had gone three rounds with Teofilo."

When Stefonson fought or trained,





"Thank you, Rex, old boy. That should do nicely!"

Tubbs was the toast of the amateur boxing world, and then the bottom started falling out.

Tubbs sat ringside, studying his every move. His coach, Emmanuel Stewart—who later trained Tommy Hearns—helped the young man with his strategy and his confidence. He flatly told Tubbs that he could beat the hulking Cuban.

"Teofilo was big and used his body to cut off the ring. His power was in his right hand. I knew I could move on him, move in, stick and move out before he could land that right on my jaw."

At fight time young Tony Tubbs was ready, willing and unafraid. When the fight started, Tubbs worked his speed and combinations, avoiding Stefenson's thunderous right. "Every time he missed . . . and the more I made him miss, the more he tried to land it . . . the air went *whooosssshh*. I kept saying, *Damn, this is some shit; this guy is dangerous* . . . but it was working. The more I moved, the more frustrated he got."

Effectively avoiding his opponent's power, Tubbs still had trouble overcoming the tremendous reach advantage and the years of knowledge Stefenson had acquired. But by the third round, Tubbs had taken the measure of his man and

opened up with a courageous attack, winning the round by all accounts.

By the time it was over, Tubbs had lost a split decision, but like a true champion, he felt vindicated even in defeat. He had showed himself to be a fearless, thinking fighter. "I took the silver medal home and laid it on my mother's kitchen table. It was one of the happiest moments of our lives."

The next year, with Stefenson out with an injury, Tony Tubbs won the World Cup gold medal and appeared en route to the gold at the 1980 Moscow Olympics.

He was the toast of the amateur boxing world, the protégé of Muhammad Ali, a smart, flashy, heroic fighter. He had all the makings of a champion.

And then the bottom started falling out.

"I couldn't believe what Jimmy Carter did to us," says Tubbs, more out of reflection than bitterness. "He let the Winter Olympic team go [to Lake Placid]. There he is, with his arm around these guys, telling everyone what a great country we have, what a great system. Why couldn't we go and show the world, show the Russians, what we could do?"

With his Olympic dream dashed by Carter's boycott of the Summer Games, Tubbs turned pro, sticking with the Muhammad Ali Gym and promoter Herrold Smith. Tubbs recalls Smith's compassionate handling of his fighters. "He paid us; he helped us; he got us to train and to fight on time." Smith arranged nine fights, and Tony scored nine consecutive knockouts.

And then the bottom dropped further. The Los Angeles District Attorney discovered that Herrold Smith's largess was based on a little creative financing he had arranged at a local bank, much to its loss and chagrin. The tally was in the neighborhood of \$22 million and won a conviction and prison term for former promoter Smith. Muhammad Ali, ignorant of Smith's financial card games, escaped the fallout with his reputation intact. The gym collapsed, and dozens of promising young fighters found themselves out in the cold.

Says Tubbs: "I was stunned. I had other promoters after me, but none that I trusted or felt as close to as Herrold. He may have done some bad things, but he was good to his fighters, and everyone of us loved the guy."

Tubbs had been on a roll as a fighter and resisted the offers of promoters, including one from Don King. Tony Tubbs, soft-spoken, articulate, a gentleman, subscribed to the oldest and most naive part of the American Dream: that being good is good enough. He decided to go on his own, to fight whoever would fight him, to build a ground swell of support. That's when the horror show really started.

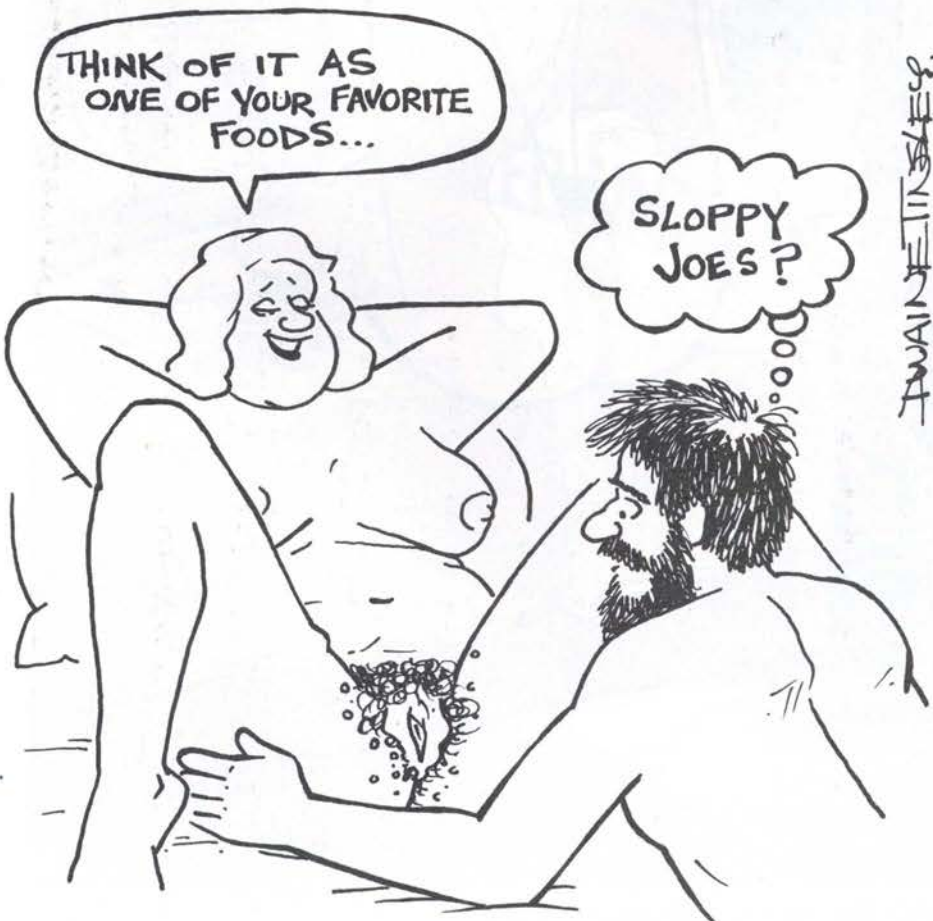
Tubbs and two of his longtime partners, David Bryce and Mack Bennett, took to the road like a struggling rock band.

"We'd fight in Atlantic City one week, Florida or Georgia the next. Anywhere we could find a fight. We'd read the newspapers, the boxing magazines, find out who had a local hero in need of a fight. It didn't matter about the purse money. We took \$1,500, \$2,500."

Sometimes Tubbs shared the bill with tag-team wrestling. Once, he fought on a card with Amazing Mike Mays, a one-armed fighter.

Tubbs read that Larry Holmes was getting ready to fight a guy named Gerry Cooney. Tubbs, Bryce and Bennett scraped together their funds, drove to the Long Island gym where Cooney trained and offered to fight him for free. Instead, Cooney's people put Tubbs in with one of their toughest sparring partners. When the ballsy challenger annihilated him, flashing his speed and power, Cooney refused to fight him. And why not? Headed for a \$10-million payday, he wasn't about to see it go down the tubes

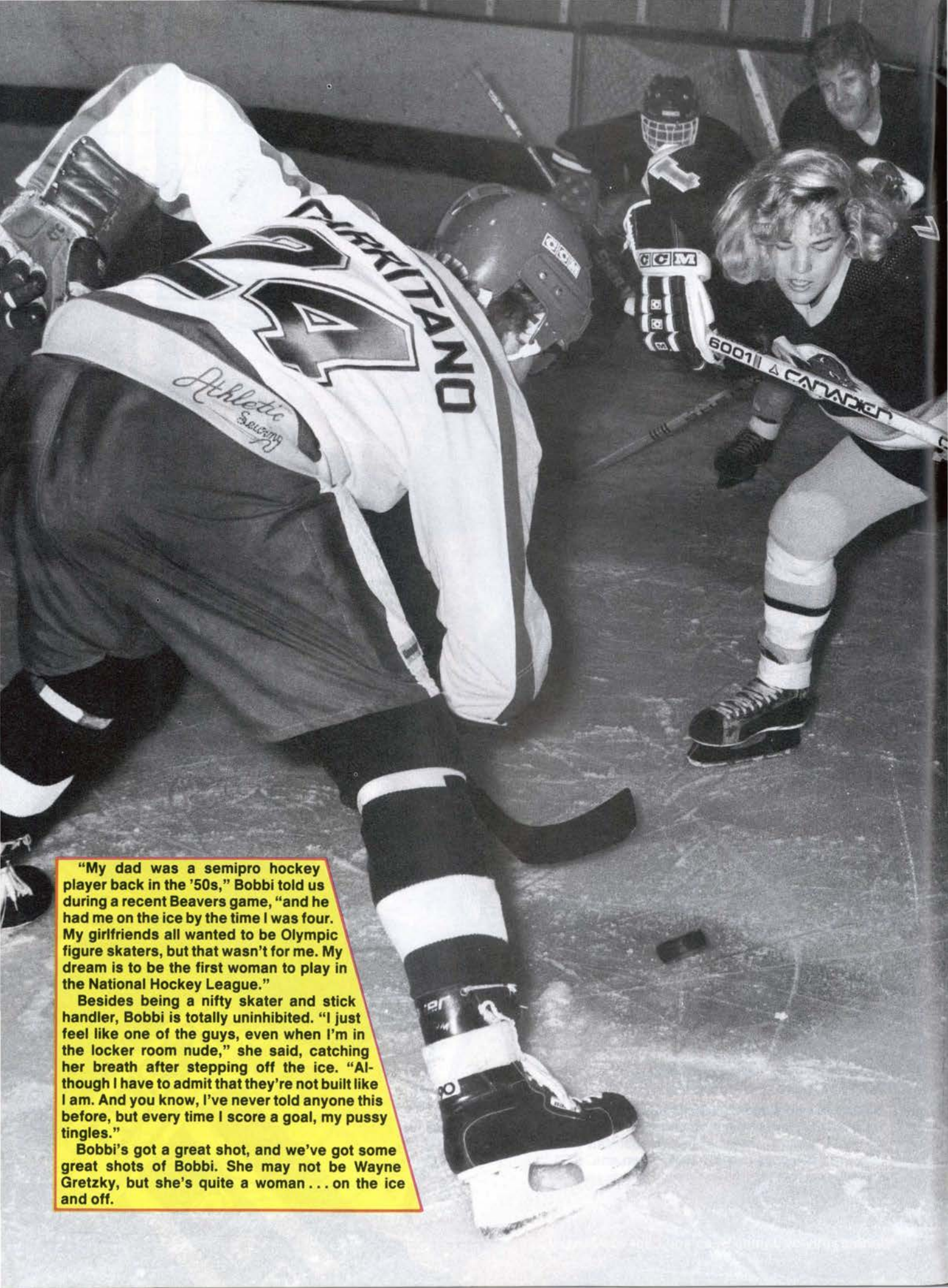
(continued on page 102)



BOBBI!

BODY CHECK

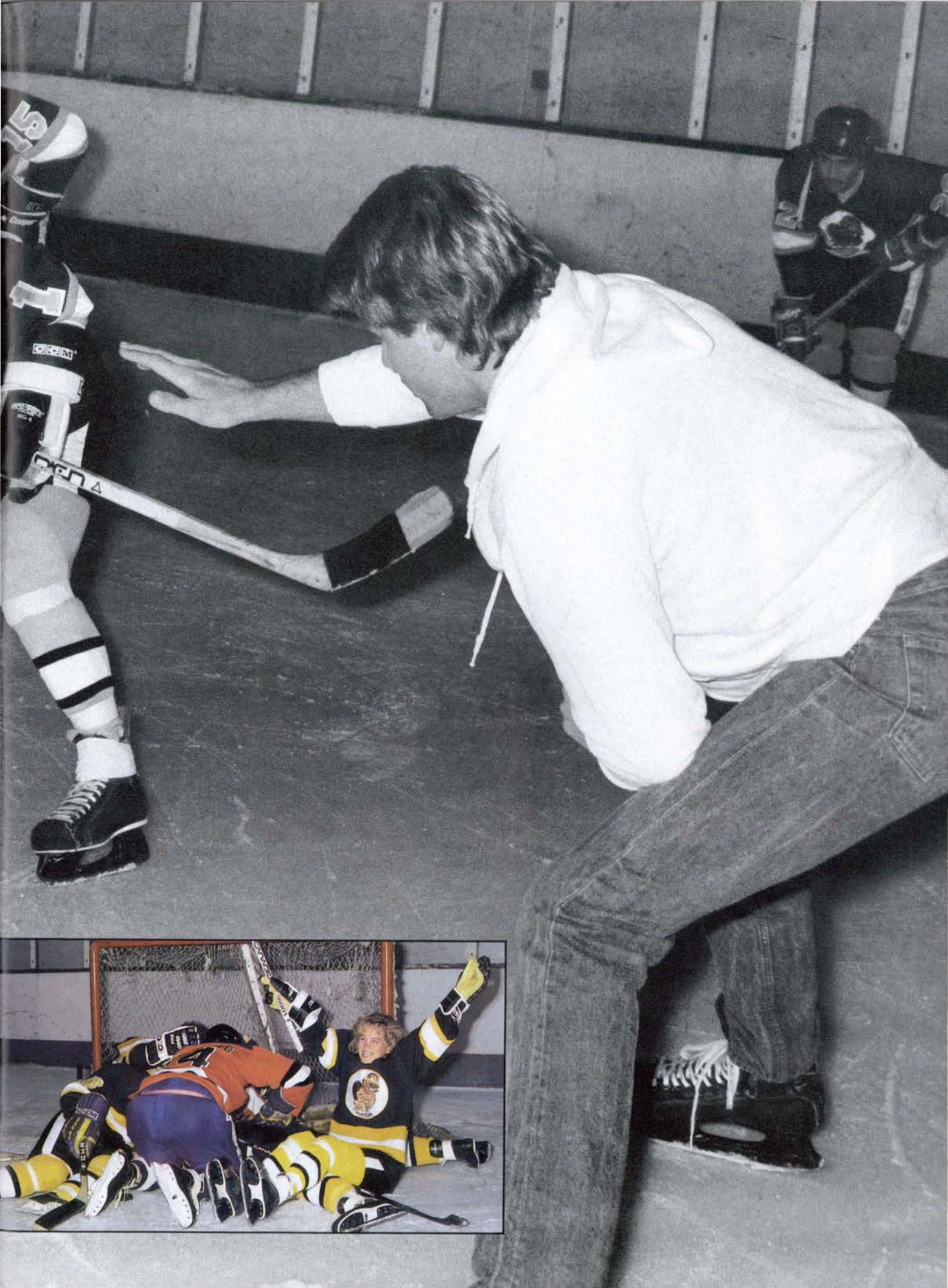
Who says a hockey player has to be 6-2 and weigh 200 pounds? We sure don't think so. As you'll see on these pages, Bobbi can play with the guys in more ways than one.

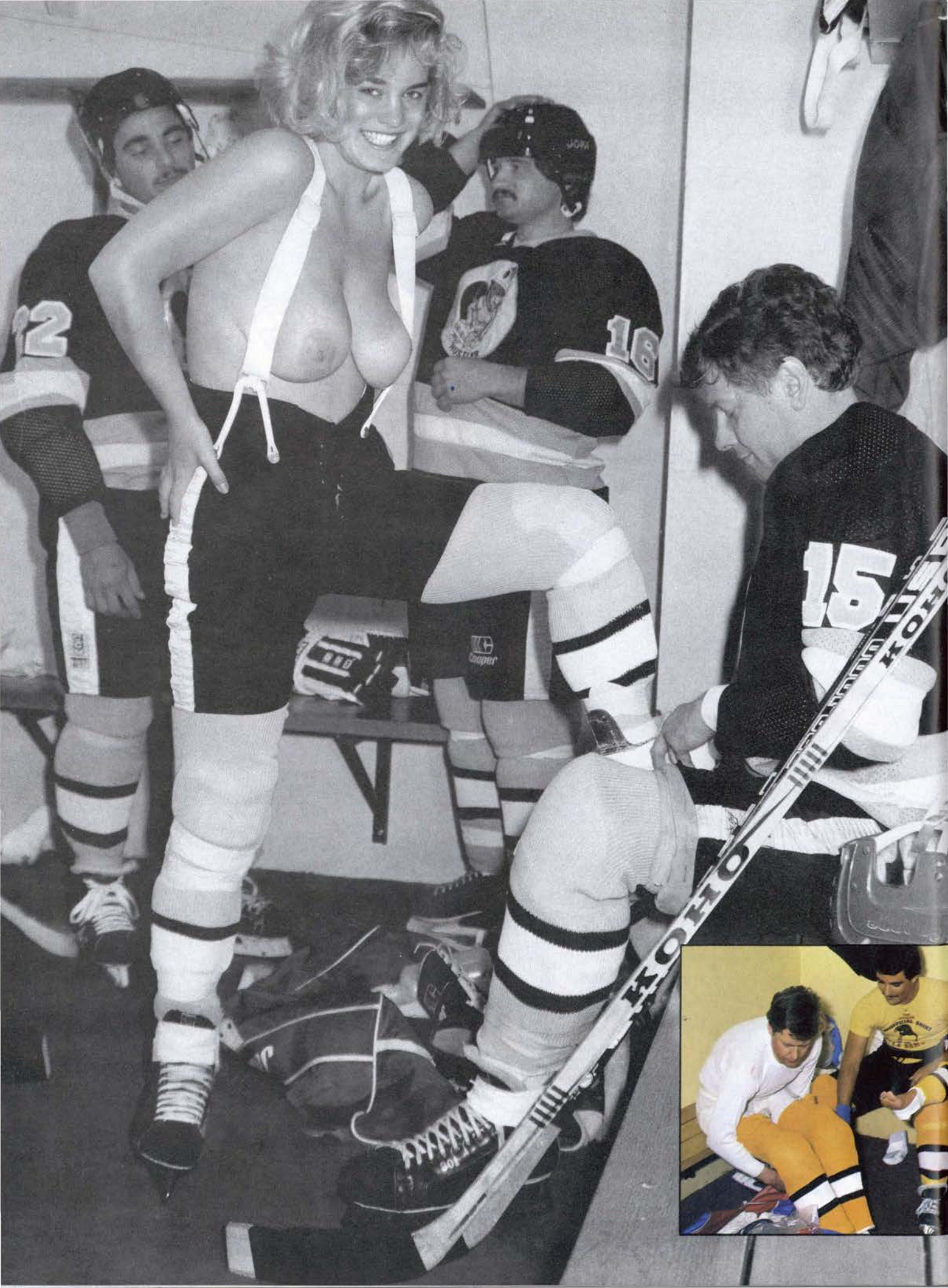


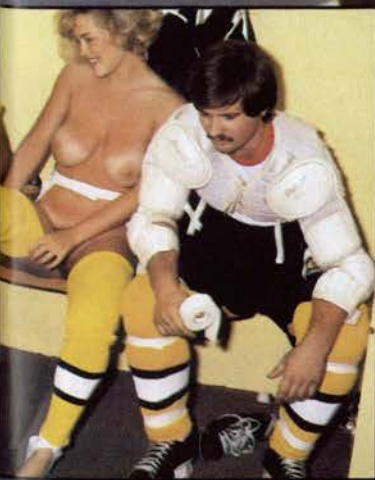
"My dad was a semipro hockey player back in the '50s," Bobbi told us during a recent Beavers game, "and he had me on the ice by the time I was four. My girlfriends all wanted to be Olympic figure skaters, but that wasn't for me. My dream is to be the first woman to play in the National Hockey League."

Besides being a nifty skater and stick handler, Bobbi is totally uninhibited. "I just feel like one of the guys, even when I'm in the locker room nude," she said, catching her breath after stepping off the ice. "Although I have to admit that they're not built like I am. And you know, I've never told anyone this before, but every time I score a goal, my pussy tingles."

Bobbi's got a great shot, and we've got some great shots of Bobbi. She may not be Wayne Gretzky, but she's quite a woman... on the ice and off.







A full-page photograph of a woman posing on ice hockey bleachers. She is wearing yellow and black hockey socks and a white strap around her waist. She is surrounded by hockey equipment, including a helmet and a jersey with a 'HUSTLER' logo. The background features a wall with various posters and a scoreboard.







She leaned toward me, winked and said, "Don't get the wrong idea, but how do you feel about unusual sex?"

ing heavily, I rolled off her, keeping my touches on her warm breasts. Everything seemed pitch black outside the lit path of my Fiat's headlights, like maybe we could hide there; so we tried. The fact that I was probably killing my car's battery didn't matter right now.

It was approaching midnight; so we couldn't linger long. As we dressed, brushing the damp grass from each other's body, I tried to convince Janice that she should leave her husband; I would leave my wife, and the two of us could run off together.

She kissed me and said, "That would be great for a few months. But then this passion would fade, and we'd each be sneaking off to find someone else to go running naked with in a field."

I had to admit she was right. —S. H.
Knoxville, Tennessee

THE BUTT OF THE JOKE:

Even as I write this letter, my emotions about the other night vary wildly. I go between complete shame, burning anger and raging hard-on. Maybe if I hadn't

been away on business so long. Maybe if I hadn't gone to the particular bar or even had that last drink. Maybe. . .

All I know for certain is that there *she* was. She wasn't beautiful by a long shot. Her hair was dirty blond and stringy; her tits weren't big at all. But she had the most perfect ass I'd ever seen, clearly visible beneath skintight jeans. The moment I saw it, I wanted to grab handfuls and rub my dick up and down in the plush valley between her plump cheeks.

I tried every come-on I knew with her, but she coyly and skillfully parried each move. After nearly an hour all I knew for sure was her name: June. It was getting to the point where I felt like shaking her and yelling, "I want to fuck your ass, you stupid idiot!"

Abruptly, she looked around conspiratorially, leaned toward me, winked and said, "Don't get the wrong idea, but how do you feel about unusual sex?"

I assured her I had few problems with any kind of sex, which was just what she wanted to hear. She wrote down an address on a piece of paper, told me to be there in a half hour, and was gone.

I had no choice but to go. The address was an incredibly seedy motel. I was just getting ready to knock on the beat-up door when it opened. My charming smile and erection wilted at the same moment. It wasn't June, but some other woman. She was a buxom brunette with a pretty, oval face. She explained that June was taking a shower at the moment and that she was her close friend Barbara.

Moments later June bounced into the room drying her hair with a towel. I couldn't help noticing the pert nipples poking against the damp, green fabric of her bathrobe. "How are you two getting along?" she asked.

I was about to say okay when Barbara burst out with, "I can just taste his cock juice!"

My jaw dropped. "Well, let's get it on," June cried enthusiastically as the two of them dragged me into the room. We were all naked in no time and, as I emerged from my state of shock, my cock began awakening to the possibilities of the evening.

The girls' bodies glowed warmly in the bedroom candlelight. I especially liked the way the light seemed to vanish as it reached the heavy, dark thatch growing over Barbara's pussy. But June's butt fascinated me even more. It was everything I'd hoped for.

Barbara went into the bathroom as June began piling pillows against the headboard. "Barbie and I like to perform before a captive audience," she explained, pulling a couple of long neckties from the nightstand. "Do you mind?"

I figured what the hell, I'd gone too far to turn back now. "Just don't make the knots too tight," I told her.

June bound my wrists to the upper bedposts as I reclined on the slope of pillows. Before stepping away, she bent down and planted a loud, wet kiss on the tip of my cock and jacked the shaft a little. The pleasure jolts made me gasp.

"Ready?" she asked, winking as she stood on an exercise mat in the center of the room.

"Yes," I managed to mumble.

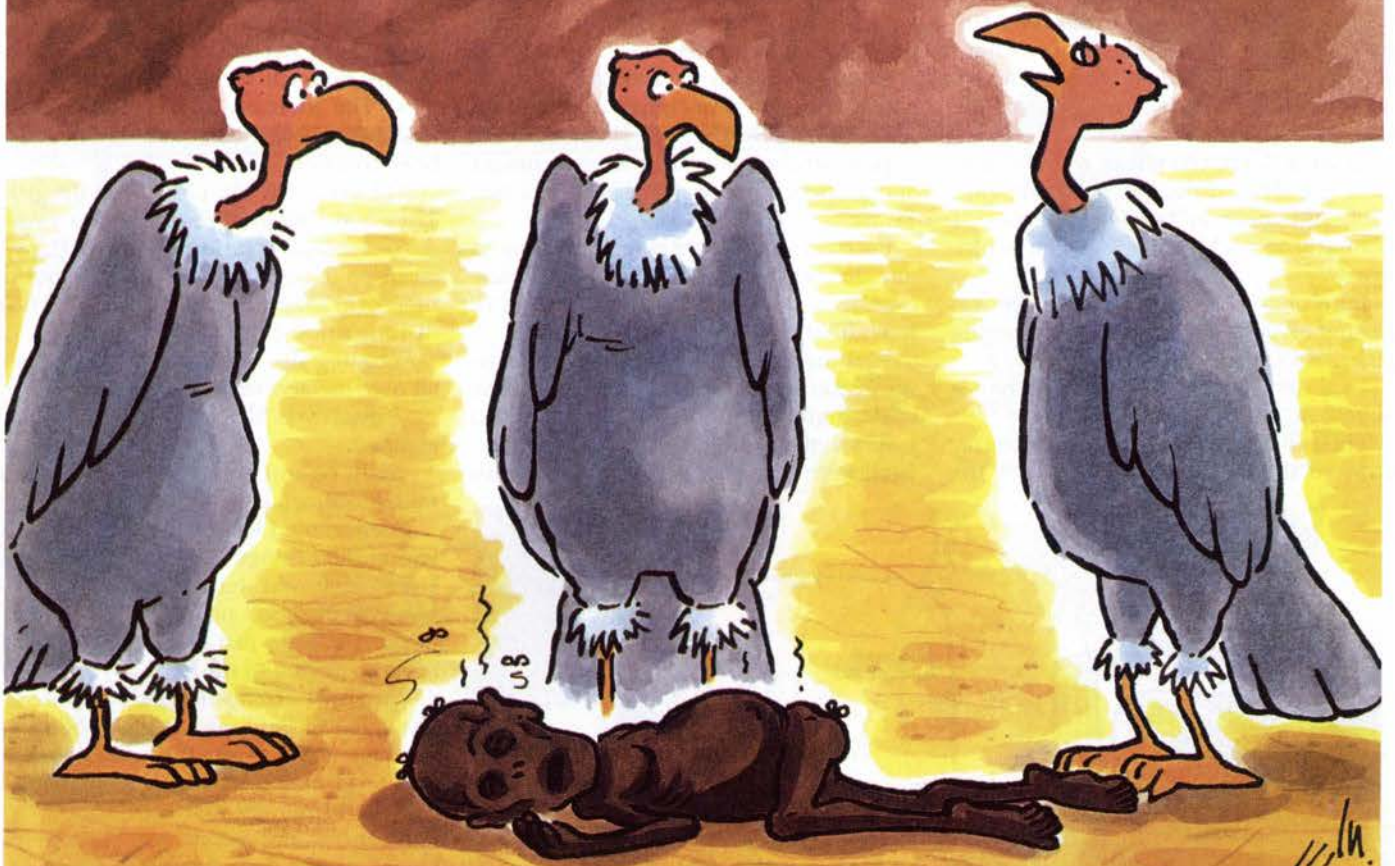
Lust shining in her eyes, she turned toward the bathroom door, calling, "Barb."

My eyes widened as Barbara pranced into the room from the darkened doorway. She must have oiled herself, for her plump body glistened as if she were in a royal-fuck sweat. Strapped to her by tight elastic bands and fringed at the base by her thick bush was the biggest dildo I'd ever seen. It would have put a horse to shame.

Barbara gyrated up to June, the plastic prong swaying rudely from side to side. June, who had been rubbing her cunt at first sight of her friend, now dropped to her knees worshipfully.



THANKSGIVING IN ETHIOPIA



JWAINETINSLE

"For what we are about to receive may we be truly thankful!"

HOT LETTERS (continued from page 58)

The sweaty slaps of the two colliding bodies mingled with grunts and groans to drown out the music filling the air.

My prick twitched and dribbled in jealousy as June began sucking and licking the huge artificial penis. She teased its head with her tongue and lips, ran it lovingly about her face. Her hands stroked the long shaft and reached up to squeeze Barbara's heavy, pliant breasts and pull lightly at the turgid nipples.

The dick she was wearing could have been real from the moans escaping Barbara's full lips as she rolled her head back, eyes tightly screwed shut. Her fingers entwined themselves in June's hair, and she suddenly pulled June's head toward her, forcing her to deep-throat the slick tool.

"Suck it deep, you cheap whore," Barbara growled, thrusting her wide hips back and forth in frenzied passion. "I want you to suck my cock for all you're worth!"

June obeyed eagerly. Clearly, she was getting off just blowing her domineering girlfriend's prick.

I was turned-on too. I wished my hands were free, if only so I could jack off.

Then Barbara pushed June roughly away so that she sprawled back on the

mat, her wet, sucking mouth still open in a perfect O.

"You're a bitch. Do you know that?" Barbara sneered. "A bitch in heat."

As if to prove her friend's words correct, June rolled over. Resting on her elbows and knees, she thrust her incredible ass into the air like some kind of pagan offering.

Barbara smiled in satisfaction. "Do you know what I'm going to do, bitch?"

"Anything," June pleaded, "only please don't stick it in my ass."

Falling to her knees, Barbara began to lightly rub the saliva-coated dildo's knob up and down the crack of June's butt.

June writhed wantonly at the contact and gasped, "Please don't butt-fuck me. Please."

Barbara paused, her pole barely touching the dripping folds of June's ready twat, as if she were about to shove in to the hilt. She was.

Pushing her broad hips savagely forward, Barbara suddenly aimed the false cock higher and slipped deeply into June's tight asshole in one long stroke. June went wild. Barbara grabbed a lush

ass cheek in each hand and started reaming the way I had wanted to, her big tits jiggling with every hammering drive.

The women were lost in mindless sexual abandon. June rotated on the impaling shaft. She pulled away only to smash her butt back against Barbara's crotch. Barbara thrust in and out madly, the globes of her own ass clenched together. The sweaty slaps of the two colliding bodies mingled with grunts and groans to drown out the music filling the air.

Suddenly, grinding her magnificent, marelike buttocks back as far as she could, June climaxed. She screamed hotly through locked teeth as she came.

Whether Barbara came too, I don't know, but I certainly did. My cock jerked and spewed streams of cum. It splashed up my stomach to land in molten puddles. The intensity of my own orgasm rocked me, and my cock hadn't even been touched!

As I wound down, I looked at the girls. They had collapsed together in a sweat-soaked heap, still joined by Barbara's strap-on dong. Slowly, they came out of their own haze, and Barbara popped free of June's now-flaccid ass.

Standing up, they noticed the semen all over me and smiled.

"I guess you liked the show," Barbara grinned.

"We'll be with you in a second," June said, blowing a kiss in my direction.

Then, while I looked on, they began to gather their things together and, before I knew what was happening, they were gone. They didn't take my wallet or anything else. They just left without a word, leaving me tied to the bed.

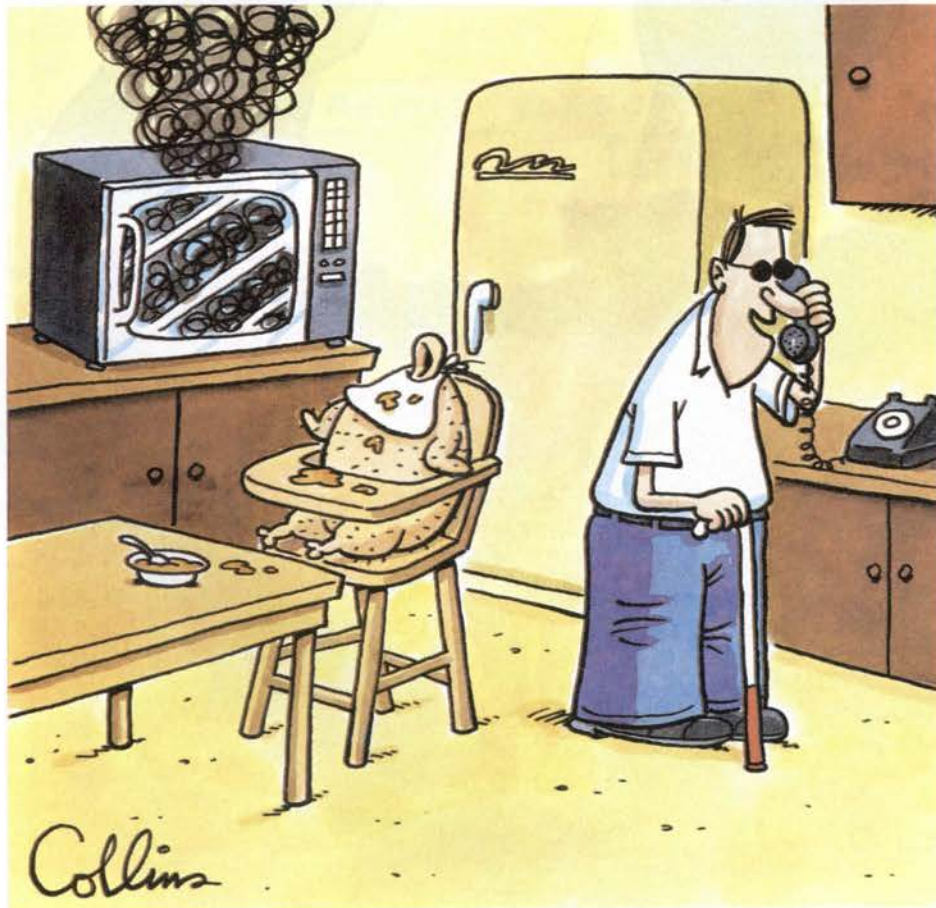
When I realized what had happened, I struggled to get loose. But the harder I tried, the more secure the bonds became. Whatever else you could say about that big-assed June, she knew her knots!

I ranted and raved and plotted revenge as the hours passed slowly by. Eventually morning arrived, and so did the manager to say pay for another night or get out. Needless to say, I was somewhat embarrassed.

From the manager's nonchalant attitude, I gathered that finding a naked man covered with dried sperm tied to a bed wasn't too unusual for him. And considering the smooth way June and Barbara had operated, it probably *wasn't* the first time he'd seen this.

I'm a lot more careful these days, and if I ever see that certain butt in a bar again, I know what I'll do: Most likely fall for the routine all over again.

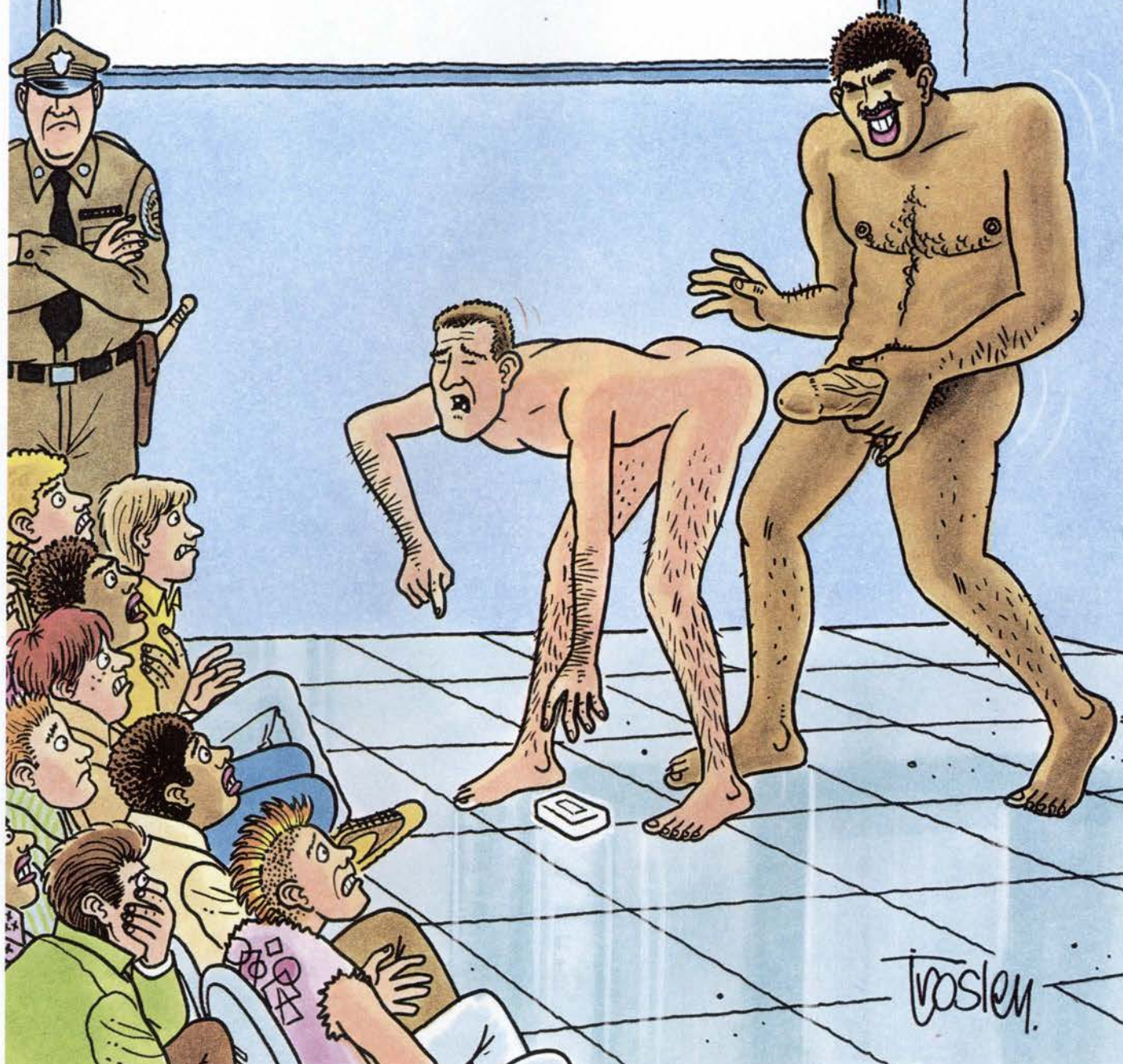
—A. D.
Anacortes, Washington



"Everything's fine. The turkey's in the microwave, and I'm feeding Baby Fritz."

Send your *Hot Letters* to HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

SCARED STRAIGHT PROGRAM



"Then, when you bend over to pick up the soap. . . ."

MICHELLE

B O R N I N T H E S U N



Photography by Matti Klatt





Palm Springs is home for gorgeous Michelle. The bronzed sun worshiper isn't here looking for a man at the moment; she just wants to take a break. "I've had my fill of guys," she claims. "Right now I'm devoted to myself."

That doesn't mean Michelle has banished all thoughts of sex from her mind. On the contrary, she firmly believes she can satisfy herself better than any man can. "I know all the right places to touch," she whispers, demonstrating just that. "God, what I'd give to find a man who's half as talented with his cock as I am with my fingers."

It isn't long, however, before her thoughts turn wistfully to boyfriends past and present. Michelle supposes it's about time to find a real lover again. "Men are such a pain," she sighs, "but I can never do without one for very long."









*I've got the touch.
Michelle*



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HUSTLER HUMOR



Young hillbilly Roy came down from the Ozark Mountains to find himself a job and landed in a small town where a circus was playing. He'd always heard of the glitter of circus life and thought it would be a real fine idea to join up; so he went to see the circus manager. "Well, boy, you look a little green to me," said the circus manager. "Ever work in a circus before?"

"No, sir," answered Roy.

"Well, then, I don't think I've got much of a job for you, except maybe tending and feeding the lions."

"Lions?" gulped Roy. "I don't think I could get near a lion. I'd be too skeered."

"Sure, you could," the manager answered him. "Come on, I'll show you how it's done." The circus manager took Roy to the lions' cage and on the way picked up a bucket of meat. "You see, Roy, first you open the door to the cage like this. And then you just throw in the meat, close the cage, and that's it."

"Well, what if one of the lions comes at me when I open the door?" the hick asked.

"Just stare him in the eye," answered the manager. "He'll back down."

"And if he don't?" asked Roy.

"Then throw some shit into his face," the manager replied.

"Shit?!" Roy asked. "Where am I gonna get some shit?"

"No problem, son," came the response. "Just reach around in the back of your pants. You'll find lots of it!"

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *fruit float* as: two fags on a waterbed.

Neglected by her husband, a horny housewife turned to her next-door neighbor for advice. "Why don't you order your milk from the milkman," was the suggestion, "and when the bill comes, see if you can settle it with sex?" This seemed like an excellent idea and, sure enough, when the bill was presented, the milkman was delighted to settle the debt with a long and energetic fuck. Putting his pants back on, the milkman reached for the bill to mark it "Paid in Full."

"Oh, no you don't," said the housewife, grabbing the bill. "You brought me my milk a quart at a time, and that's the way I'm gonna pay for it."

One day Farmer Brice fulfilled his life's dream by purchasing a pretty little racing filly at the local horse auction. Once he got home, he realized it was too late in the day to get a space fenced off for her in his corral to keep his old stallion away from her until morning. Knowing if the filly got knocked up she wouldn't be able to race, he decided to call the local vet.

"No problem, Brice," the vet answered after hearing the dilemma. "Just put together three or four sheets and tie them securely around the filly's rump."

Bright and early the next morning Brice was up and out at the corral to see if the bed-sheet chastity belt had stayed in place, but his new filly was nowhere in sight. He went over to the neighboring farm and asked a field hand if he had seen a filly run by with bed sheets tied around her rump.

"No," answered the field hand, "but about 20 minutes ago I saw a filly dash past here with a hanky sticking out of her ass."

Question: What do Ronald Reagan and a typewriter have in common?

Answer: They both have "semi-colons."

Two men went into a bar that had a lady bartender. The entire evening the one fellow made pass after pass at her. Eventually he started getting loud and nasty, but the woman bartender just stayed cool.

After about five hours of his constant nagging at her, his friend told him, "You'd better stop bothering her."

"Why?" said the loudmouth. "I think I'm starting to win her over."

"You may think so," the other fellow said, "but if you'll look at your Bloody Mary, you'll notice a string hanging out of it."

Question: What's white and black and getting whiter every day?

Answer: South Africa.

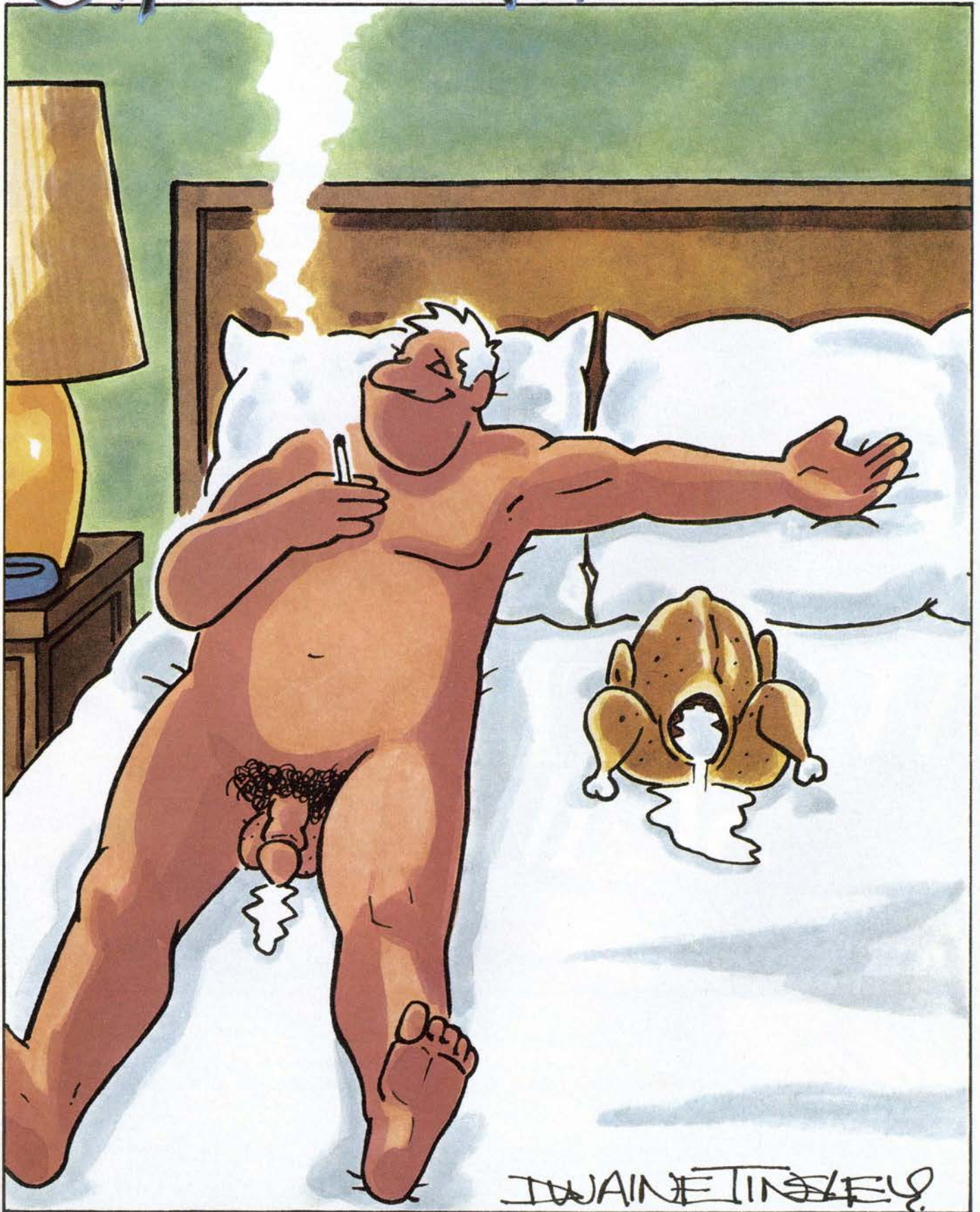
An Aggie was hitchhiking when a guy in a blue Mercedes stopped and gave him a ride. After getting in the car, he looked over at the driver and noticed that he had an Aggie ring on. "Hey, you're an Aggie too," he said. "I see you've done real well for yourself!"

"Not really, man," came the reply. "Thirty minutes ago I was hitchhiking, and a lady in this blue Mercedes picked me up. Ten miles out of town she stopped the car, got out and took off all of her clothes and said, 'You can take anything you want.' So here I am."

The other Aggie thought this over and then said, "I don't blame you. Her clothes probably wouldn't have fit anyway."

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" x 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

Ghester the MÖLEster



J. WAIN & TINSLEY

An artistic illustration of a woman with long, wavy blonde hair lying on her back on a green lawn. She is wearing a dark red, low-cut dress. Her wrists and ankles are secured with black leather cuffs, which are attached to metal shackles. The shackles are connected by a chain. In the background, there is a large, two-story white house with a dark roof and a porch. Several tall palm trees are scattered around the house. The sky is a clear, pale blue.

WHITE SLAVE

FICTION BY DAVID TRIPP



Kelley Allen strode across the hotel's tiled lobby to the rental-car desk. "I want a car for the day," she told the dark-skinned man who'd watched her approach with a more-than-casual interest.

Mrs. Allen wore a sheer, flowing, floor-length sarong. Whenever the bright sunlight would shine onto her from behind, the tempting curves of her tanned body were clearly visible.

WHITE SLAVE (continued from page 75)

Her leg muscles tensed; her toes pointed stiffly when one of the men poked his finger into her dry pussy.

"I can give you a Toyota or a Chevette," the rent-a-car agent said.

"I'll take the Toyota."

The man handed her a form that printed in triplicate. "Fill in these spaces, please," he requested, his words flowing over his tongue with a Caribbean lilt. "Will your husband be driving as well?"

"No. He's apparently locked into his seat in the casino. I haven't seen him for days. Not that I blame him," she continued, scratching on the form. "There's nothing else to do around here. It's too damned hot for tennis. I hate golf. And I've snorkeled until my skin has shriveled."

"Most people enjoy our island. They find that having so little to do is pleasing to them."

Kelley completed the form. "I'm sure I would too, except my entire life is filled with nothing to do. My husband is very wealthy. We have no children. All I do is shop and wait on him." She stopped suddenly and stood. "But I don't know why I'm telling you all this."

The man handed her the car keys. "It's not air-conditioned. You may not want to

wear so warm a clothing." He tried not to stare at her tits when gesturing to her sarong, but failed.

* * *

Having tied her long blond hair back into a ponytail and changed into a loose-fitting top and shorts, Kelley fought to turn over the engine of the rented car. It choked roughly to life.

Kelley backed out of the parking space and drove from the hotel grounds onto the main road. Traffic was light, and little attention was paid to the speed limit. Kelley headed toward town, hoping the shops would take away the boredom.

She slowed as she approached the flashing lights of a police car that blocked the road. "Now what?" she asked herself as the uniformed man came up to her.

"Trouble with the road outside of town," he said. Then he pointed up a side street. "Detour that way. The signs will bring you back to the main road."

Kelley turned onto the narrow dirt road. She was anxious to get moving again. The still, midday air was stiflingly hot. No sooner was she driving than a dark-blue van came up on her rear bum-

per, its horn blaring. Kelley floored the accelerator.

The van stayed on her ass.

"Geez, all right already." Kelley pulled onto the bumpy shoulder of the deserted side street and waved the van around.

The anxious driver roared up alongside her and braked to a hard stop. Bits of stirred dust rose into the air.

Before Kelley could react, a muscular hand grabbed her left forearm. She screamed as an arm reached in and turned off her car. She was yanked onto the road by the man who'd grabbed her arm. Kicking, she fell to the dirt road. A powerful arm wrapped around her waist, easily picking her up.

Suddenly, it was dark. Her body banged against metal. She felt dizzy. Something slammed shut.

"What do you want?" she pleaded.

The van started to move.

She couldn't see in the darkness, but she could feel the body heat of a man. She could hear him breathing, rasping. Blindly, she swung her fist where she thought he would be sitting. Her knuckles cracked against metal.

Strong fingers then grabbed for her. There was more than one man—there were two. She screamed, and they stuffed a bitter-tasting rag into her mouth.

They pulled her down on her back, against the metal floor of the van. Her wrists and ankles were strapped into shackles bolted into the metal.

She screamed into the gag and strained to pull free. She stopped when the cold blade went up the leg of her shorts.

Kelley held her breath as the knife ripped through to her waist, and the shorts were pulled roughly from her.

She hadn't worn panties. She was naked from the waist down.

The men's thick fingers crawled up the lean musculature of her legs, pinching upward into her crotch.

Her leg muscles tensed; her toes pointed stiffly when one of the men poked his finger into her dry pussy. His hard finger pulled mercilessly through her slit, tugging at her cunt hairs.

Kelley gripped the leather straps and gasped, "God, no. God, no." The man continued to stick his finger into her. A wetness began to slip into her vagina.

Kelley knew what would come next, and she tried to squeeze shut the muscles of her cunt, but the man rammed his finger like a punch, hurting her.

When she heard the man tug down his zipper, she began to scream into the gag again, hoping the straining in her throat would block out the hard cock she knew would split through her labia.

The man rested his tool against her mound. It throbbed against her hair-covered skin. Hands gripped the front of

LINCOLN REVIEWS HIS GETTYSBURG ADDRESS...



WAINETINSLEY

"Now, that's a fucking speech!"



Passion burst through her abdomen like exploding balls of sexual fire. Everything became a blur.

her blouse and ripped the material open. He dropped his thick lips onto her tits and sucked on them tightly, drawing her nipple well into his mouth, stretching her skin until her breast began to sting.

He reached under her ass and breached the wet lips of her cunt with his hard cock. He went all the way with one stroke, making Kelley gasp until his long rod finally stopped deep inside her.

She was glad it was pitch black. She didn't want to see the man's face.

His cock took long, hard strokes, pulling all the way out of her pussy, then popping through her labia, firing thickly to the back wall of her womb. His breathing intensified immediately.

No sooner had the man pulled his slackening cock from her than Kelley felt the hot thickness of the second man's cum splatting onto her face. His semen smelled like ammonia; she tried to spit it from her lips.

The cum of her rapist began to slide out of her pussy as she wondered what would happen to her next.

The van finally eased to a stop. There was a rap on the wall that separated

Kelley and her captors from the driver.

Kelley's wrists and ankles were freed. The strong men pulled her naked body into a sitting position. A blindfold was wrapped around her eyes, and the foul-tasting gag was removed.

"You can yell now if you like. . . . No one will hear you though." The man sounded as if he were smiling.

Kelley could feel the sun's heat baking over her bare skin as she stepped down onto what felt like asphalt. Holding her wrists as if she were a disobedient school-girl, the two men led their blindfolded prey across lush grass.

"Where are we? What are you going to do with me?" She could still feel semen in her pussy as she asked the questions.

A door opened. Kelley was led inside. The air was cool, clean. She shivered, her nipples drawing into chilled erections.

"Please don't move," a woman's voice politely requested.

Kelley's wrists were released. The material around her eyes was untied.

Kelley blinked painfully at the brightness of the room in which she stood.

"My name is Terri," the woman spoke

again. "Please, don't be frightened. I know you're scared—we all were scared. But that will pass. Very quickly."

Kelley gasped at the beauty of the woman who called herself Terri. She was sculptured perfection. She wore a thin nylon bathing suit—a one-piece—the front of which was pulled down below her breasts. A delicate band of silver was wrapped around Terri's thin wrist.

Terri took Kelley's hand with a gentle touch. "Will you come with me?"

Terri led Kelley into a lavishly furnished area shaped like half of a globe. The ceiling was beamed. Each thick piece of curving wood met in the center of the room, from which point a golden lamp cast a warm glow over the furnishings: a four-poster bed, a comfortable-looking white sofa with a matching chair, a fireplace, and potted palms that lined the round walls.

"Why don't you lie down?" Terri offered, escorting Kelley to the bed.

"Where am—"

"Just try to relax." Terri coaxed her into sitting atop the cool sheets.

Terri touched the naked woman's shoulders lightly with her fingertips and pushed Kelley down onto the bed. Terri leaned forward and kissed Kelley sweetly on the lips, easing her tongue into the surprised woman's parted mouth.

Kelley wanted to stop her, but Terri's touch was a more loving sensation than she'd ever felt. As if by reflex, she wrapped her own tongue lovingly around Terri's.

Terri brushed her breasts over Kelley's. The warm tickling sensation of their pressing hard nipples flushed through Kelley's loins. She could feel her pussy getting wet.

Kelley tried to stop. She couldn't be seduced by another woman. It couldn't be happening—but it was.

Kelley couldn't get enough of Terri's tongue. It felt so thick and warm in her mouth. "I want to touch you, Terri."

Never separating their lips, Terri moved Kelley's hand in between their bodies and let Kelley find Terri's breasts.

Kelley had never touched another woman's breasts before. The feeling was so soft, so tender, smooth yet firm and arousing. Taking Terri's nipple between two fingers, she rolled the soft flesh.

She could feel Terri's thigh on her pussy, pressing back and forth. Kelley felt a surge of desire flood her abdomen. She felt sure one more push would have her climaxing. Terri's hot breath spoke into her ear: "Let me make you come."

Slowly, Terri's mouth descended Kelley's body. Kissing her neck, licking her throat, drawing an invisible bead of saliva down her chest into her cleavage, sucking

(continued on page 88)

HONKIE SUICIDE



"Your mamma loves it when I cornhole her."



"Shit, Loretta, we's all outa Cresco!"



VANESSA

Firebrand



Photography by Matti Klatt

Although Vanessa speaks little English, the hot Brazilian beauty seems to have no trouble communicating with the guys in this country. Originally, the impulsive young girl was supposed to be in California for two weeks with a tour group from her hometown of Rio de Janeiro. But this brief visit has turned into an indefinite stay, as Vanessa has discovered she has a quality that appeals to American men. "I miss Rio very much and will return someday," she says in her sexy South American accent. "But right now I am having a wonderful time."












A photograph of a woman from behind, wearing a black bodysuit and black high-heeled shoes. She is sitting on a zebra-print rug, with her hands resting on her buttocks. The background shows a modern interior with a glass table and a vase of flowers.

The sultry sweetheart overcomes any potential communications barrier with unmistakable body language. She makes no secret of her healthy sexual appetite; she and a new lover can spend a sensual, satisfying evening without ever exchanging words at all. "After all, how much do a man and woman need to say? If I want him, that's enough for me."

Vanessa explains that, although Brazilian men are very attractive, she thinks Americans make better lovers. "They try harder to please," she continues. "And when someone is pleasing me, I am sure to please him. Who knows *when* I'll go home!"

Kelley squeezed her thighs together to keep Terri's fingers in place. She wanted Terri's nipples between her lips.

each nipple, dipping her tongue into Kelley's navel.

Kelley exhaled a long, guttural sigh as Terri's fingertips pulled open her pussy. Terri ran her tongue along the wet lips, easing inside Kelley's pussy deeper and deeper. Her tongue worked like a soft-skinned penis, fucking in and out.

Kelley held Terri's sucking head and stared up into the beamed ceiling. She felt as if she were no longer connected to her past. Passion burst through her abdomen like exploding balls of sexual fire. Everything became a blur.

She was coming. Her ass arched up from the mattress, pressing her pussy into Terri's face. Images burst excitedly inside her head. She thought she would never stop coming.

Terri's tongue finally rested warmly against the flooded lips of her vagina.

"Welcome to Key Camana," a man's voice spoke.

The man who stood at the foot of the four-poster bed was dressed in a well-tailored, white-linen suit. He watched the two perspiration-covered ladies with an appreciative eye.

"That is all, Terri," he told the long-haired girl.

Licking her lips, Terri stepped out of the circular room.

Kelley couldn't help but admire the figure of beauty who was departing.

"Do you like her?" the man asked, noticing Kelley's gaze.

She pulled the white sheet over her nakedness, but the man yanked it away, letting the airy material float to the carpeted floor. He smiled. "Please, no modesty."

Kelley closed her eyes. She felt dizzy, as if floating farther and farther away from reality. "Where am I?" she asked the man, her eyes still closed.

"Your room."

She looked at him now, feeling very distracted by the obvious glow of pink wetness between her spread legs; yet she was determined not to seem self-conscious. "You know what I mean."

He dropped his eyes from her face to her pussy. "Touch yourself."

Kelley started to protest, but stopped, still determined to keep up with the bizarre scenario. She pressed her fingers in

an unenthusiastic circle around her clit.

"Doesn't that feel good?" he asked.

Kelley tried to remain expressionless and not reply; she didn't want to come again. Not with him making her masturbate. She couldn't allow it.

Her facial muscles winced; her eyes pressed shut; ecstasy flooded her loins; she came again. Kelley tried to clear her head. What was happening?

* * *

Kelley had no idea what time it was when the door to her room was unlocked. Terri let herself in, wearing a short terry-cloth robe that barely covered her ass.

"Did you do it?" Terri asked, getting into bed with Kelley. She wiped her finger through Kelley's moist vagina. "Did you masturbate for him?"

Kelley didn't want to admit it—all she wanted was for Terri to keep massaging her pussy.

"You did, didn't you?" Terri asked again, still stroking Kelley's cunt.

Kelley squeezed her thighs together to keep Terri's fingers in place. She wanted Terri's nipples between her lips. Kelley nuzzled into Terri's full cleavage.

Terri pressed her fingers around Kelley's wet, protruding clit. "You must let yourself go tomorrow," Terri said. "You're already very close to being one of us. If you allow it to happen, you will never be happier. Your life will become simplistic and blissful."

"I don't understand," Kelley sighed, her fingers playing with Terri's nipples.

"You will," Terri said. She then lowered her mouth onto Kelley's pussy and thrust her tongue inside.

Kelley's orgasm was instantaneous, stronger than any she had ever had.

* * *

She was in bed alone. Daylight shone through venetian blinds in bright slits of yellow. The room grew hotter as the minutes passed. A thin coat of perspiration soon covered her tanned skin.

The door to her room opened. It was the man—the one who had made her masturbate. Instinct told Kelley to be afraid, but reflex only caused her cunt to rush with wetness.

"Good morning, Mrs. Allen," the man smiled.

The words seemed strange to her; she wasn't Mrs. Allen, was she?

"Would you come with me, please?" the man requested.

Kelley walked casually up to him, not at all self-conscious of her nakedness.

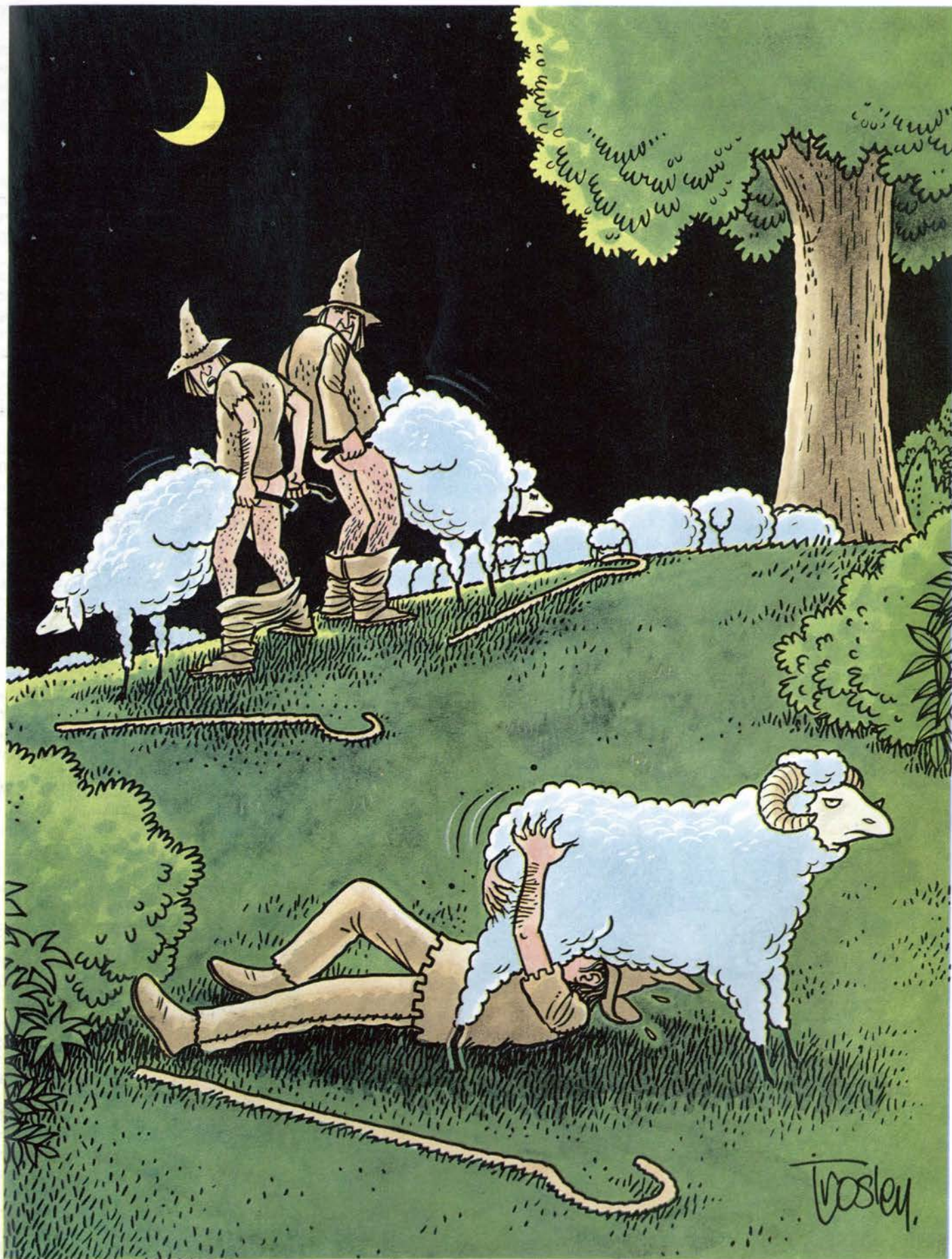
"Stand here." He pointed to the ottoman at the foot of the white chair. "Turn away from me and bend over."

Kelley bent at the waist, supporting her hands on her knees.

"Further," he said, touching her lightly on the back.



"Sometimes I miss the hustle and bustle of the gas chambers."



"Man, that Bartholomew is sick!"

WHITE SLAVE (continued from page 88)

Men came from the house and formed a line behind her. They stared as if her greased ass were a temple.

Kelley leaned all the way down. Her ass was now the highest point of her body's posture.

"Spread your legs."

She did so without hesitation.

"Very good." He could see the wetness of her cunt. "Now relax completely."

Kelley could hear him tear open a container of some sort—perhaps aluminum foil. She wondered what it was and screamed when the cool, slippery rod went up her ass with a well-aimed push. It felt like it would never end. She was up on her tiptoes when he stopped and held the large tool in place.

"Just relax," he urged.

The pole in her ass began to soften.

"Just relax," the man repeated.

The insert turned into a jelly—a lubricant of some sort. Kelley's anus oozed with the thick slickness.

"Stand now and come with me."

She tried to keep her asshole pressed shut to keep the jellified substance from leaking out, but thick wads still ran down the insides of her thighs.

He led her onto a lush greenery tightly planted with trees and shrubs of all sizes.

The lawn seemed to have no end.

The man pointed to the ground. "Get down on all fours, please."

A muscular man wearing only pants came from an unseen portion of the house. He carried leather straps to which chains were attached; he also had long metal stakes and a heavy hammer.

Suddenly, her mind heard Terri's voice speaking to her as it had the night before. *You must let yourself go tomorrow. You will never be happier. Your life will become simplistic and blissful.*

The muscular man wrapped the leather straps around her ankles and wrists, and nailed their chained ends deep into the ground. Kelley's legs and arms were spread vulnerably; she had no option other than to let herself go.

A mirror was placed in front of her, and men came from the house and formed a line behind her. They stared at her as if her greased ass were a temple.

The man in the suit pointed to one of the guests. The chosen man knelt between Kelley's split legs and took down his pants. His fingers pried into the warm slipperiness of her anus. He grabbed Kel-

ley's hips and thrust his cock all the way into her asshole.

His width hurt her. The lubrication eased the friction, but she screamed as his cock slammed in and out. He shot his wad inside her, his semen blending with the lubricant that had been shoved so deeply up her asshole.

Kelley felt rubbery; she was weak.

The suited man pointed to one of the 11 remaining men. As Kelley watched him approach in the mirror, Terri's words came to her again. *Let yourself go . . . never be happier . . . blissful.*

The images in the mirror became a swirling mirage. She watched their faces, the passion that winced over their eyes, the screams that soared from their mouths, the tension that rippled their muscles. She was the cause of that intense pleasure. Without her, they wouldn't have experienced the heightened ecstasy. It was all because of her.

A calm settled in her mind. Never had she felt as accomplished as she did at that very moment; never had she been able to affect anyone as much as she had affected those men.

"Yes," she heard herself saying as the ninth man's cock plunged into her ass, "make yourself feel good. Use my anus. Feel its tightness wrap around your hard cock and pull that cum out into me. Pump me. Slap your cock into my ass. Fuck it. Fuck my ass!"

* * *

"My name is Kelley," she told the naked woman as she removed the blindfold. "Please don't be frightened. I know you're scared—we all were scared. But that will pass. Very quickly."

The dark-haired woman covered her breasts with her arms. Her pussy still hurt from the vicious fucking the men in the van had subjected her to.

Kelley led the woman to the circular room with the curved-beam ceiling. "This is your room. Why don't you lie down?"

Kelley helped her down onto the white sheets. Kelley massaged the woman's shoulders and back, allowing her hands to become familiar with the new woman's breasts. Kelley's fingers crossed the wet folds of the woman's pussy.

Soon the woman was sighing as Kelley rolled her onto her back, eased open her legs and licked the woman's pussy until she was screaming in ecstasy.

"In a few days," Kelley said, "you will feel more satisfied and at ease with yourself than you have felt in your entire life. You will become more fulfilled than you ever thought possible. All of your restlessness will cease." Kelley envied the realization the newcomer would discover when she'd watch those men reach such heights while fucking her, just as Kelley had while strapped to the lawn.



Collins



"Sorry, darlin', I gotta go . . . South Africa needs me!"

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TONY TUBBS *(continued from page 48)*

"I just got done fighting, but I got done early; this was no ordinary ass-whippin' I was gonna lay on these dudes."

in his own gym.

"I was turning these guys out of their own gyms, in front of their own audiences, left and right," Tubbs proclaims. "I'd fight anyone, anywhere, anytime."

The business went from bad to worse. One night, after knocking out the local hero in a battered East Coast auditorium, Tubbs went to the promoter's office to collect his money. The promoter started to deduct from Tubbs's \$2,500 . . . for towel, license, locker, "agents commission," ad infinitum. Tubbs explained the folly of the man's mathematics. When he is told \$2,500, he assumes the man already took those things into account. The man's bodyguards, some battered wrestlers, moved toward Tubbs. He locked the door and offered to settle the debate on the spot. "This was my money they were talking about. I just got done fighting, but I got done early, and this was no ordinary ass-whippin' I was gonna lay on these dudes."

Things got worse. Tubbs was scheduled to fight on the East Coast for a sleazy promoter whom he had never worked for. Tony was promised travel expenses and,

the day before the fight, the money had not arrived. Afraid to miss the fight, he, Bryce and Bennett again scraped money together and drove east through a howling blizzard.

When they arrived, the promoter failed to show, having canceled the fight because of the weather, bad ticket sales, etc. Tony and his friends were left standing in the doorway of a cheap hotel, with no money, no food, no hope. Then someone broke into their car and stole all of their equipment, \$1,200 worth of stuff they'd bought with the purse money from a previous fight. They had to borrow money to get home.

During this time, as if life had not been cruel enough, Tubbs's only brother, Derrick, was shot and killed in a barroom brawl. His mother sank into a nearly bottomless state of grief. His career, his dreams and his family had all unraveled in front of him.

"My own spirit was good. . . I never once doubted my ability or the fact that someday I would be champion of the world. But I hurt; I ached for my mother. Here was the most loving, the most trust-

ing, the most undemanding woman in the world. All she ever wanted was for her kids to be happy . . . and just look at us."

For several weeks Tony stayed around Cincinnati, trying to help his mother, his family, working on construction sites to make a little money, to stay in shape. He had time to reflect on his three years of horror and misery. Finally, he decided to go back to California to see if he could start over at 25.

He looked up Tom Peters, the former manager of the Muhammad Ali Gym, and one of the few men Tubbs truly liked and trusted. He stayed with Peters and his family while they plotted his course.

Peters introduced Tubbs to Cary Medill, a successful Los Angeles attorney and the son of Joey Medill, a respected lightweight in the 1920s and '30s. Medill was managing his first fighter, a muscular 7-footer named Tom Payne, a former first-round draft choice of the National Basketball Association's Atlanta Hawks.

In one of his first fights for Medill, after much fanfare and hoopla over his size, Tom Payne strode into the ring, missed a right hook aimed at Ricardo Reese and was felled when his opponent practically leaped up into the air to tag him on the chin. As Payne fell toward the canvas, the crowd yelled "Timber" as if they had rehearsed the scenario for a week. The fight lasted nine seconds. Needless to say, Cary Medill was ready for a real heavyweight.

Medill got Tubbs money to live on, facilities to train in and agreed to co-manage his career with Tom Peters. Then they called in Jimmy Ellis to train and condition their fighter.

The improvement was almost immediate, but success still eluded Tony Tubbs. Fights with Mike Weaver, Tex Cobb and Lee Canalito were canceled or postponed. Tubbs was starting to think he was cursed. Then he decided it was time to sign a promotional contract, and he chose Don King, the sport's most successful promoter. That was in September 1984, and King soon had him fighting every two months.

In his first fight for King, against journeyman pro Jerry Williams, Tubbs displayed the flashing hand speed and devastating body attack that are his trademarks. He dropped Williams with two body-shots in the seventh round of their scheduled ten-rounder, winning on a technical knockout (TKO).

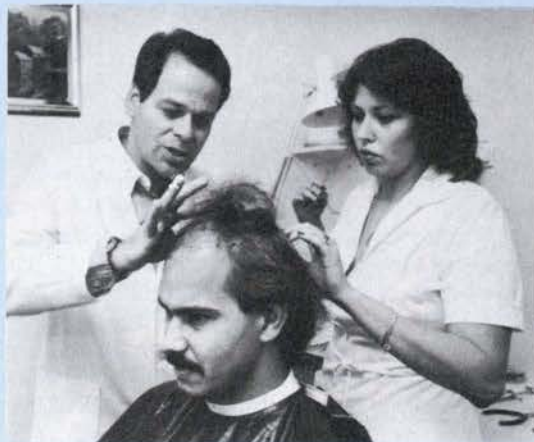
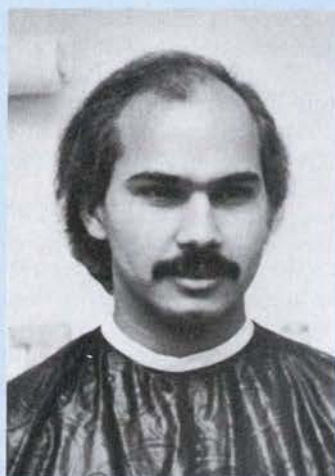
After manhandling an overmatched Tim Miller in Las Vegas in January 1985, Tubbs was in line for what many thought would be his sternest test.

In the pantheon of pretentious nicknames dominating the fight game, James "Bonecrusher" Smith earned his. At 6-4, he had just finished giving Larry Holmes



"I'd love to, Ralph, but I'm up to my elbows in work!"

I.C.L. PROCESS BECOMES A REAL GROWTH INDUSTRY



Patient (left) before I.C.L. Process; center, the patient, Juan Andujar undergoes the procedure at International Cosmetic Labs, performed by Dr. Max Mollick and a female assistant.

BALD HAIRDRESSER'S DREAM COMES TRUE

By LEN LEAR

We've all seen the ads on tv, a man with a billiard ball for a head suddenly has a head full of thick wavy hair. He's swimming & playing tennis. Beautiful ladies mesmerized by his now wavy mane, and no matter how hard a disembodied hand yanks, it can't upset a hair on his head, or his rosy disposition.

As a man who has tried everything on my own thinning locks except the sweat of a moose, I was always skeptical of all hair replacement ads, as Menachem Begin is of President Reagan's claim that AWACS planes in Saudi Arabian hands would be "good for Israel."

With this in mind, I recently visited International Cosmetic Labs, 209 Professional Building, Rt. 130, Cinnaminson, N.J. 08077, after calling (609) 829-4300 which has performed thousands of medical procedures during its long existence.

NOT A TRANSPLANT

"This is not the same thing as a hair transplant or a hair piece, or medical implants," explained a medical assistant. "It is designed for people who still have some hair. We take a hair sample from the customer and then make the new preparation to blend perfectly with it. The new preparation is made of a combination of human and synthetic hair."

While I waited for a nearly bald customer to go through the procedure, a handsome young man walked into the International waiting room with a head of thick, wavy hair.

A RECENT EXAMPLE

"This was done here last week," explained Dr. Jack Rydell, a 25-year-old chiropractor from central Jersey who showed himself (before the procedure) with a balding pate.

"I started losing my hair when I was 19. Some men don't care about this, but I do. I looked into hair transplants, but they're too messy, and they cannot thicken hair which I wanted to do. They can never give you a natural look. Now my hair looks just like it did when I was 18."

Dr. Rydell said he is completely satisfied with his "new hair", which may cost anywhere from \$1200 to \$3800. I ran my own fingers through his hair, which looked and felt exactly like thick hair. I yanked, but it did not come off.

SEVERAL RETAINERS

Losing my skepticism quickly, I watched as Juan Andujar, a 28-year-old hairdresser from New Jersey who was largely bald on top, underwent the I.C.L. Process. Dr. Max Mollick, a staff physician of International Cosmetic Labs applied fine hairlike retainers throughout Andujar's dome. Technicians then started attaching hair filaments, creating a full head of hair. A hair

stylist then styled it, the whole process taking about 3 hours. Andujar was obviously pleased with the results.

Dr. Max Mollick is a radiologist who has performed thousands of surgical procedures. When asked about the possibilities of infection, "We've seen cases of minor infections but they've been very rare, certainly no greater than in any other type of surgery. There is also a lifetime warranty with this procedure. Also, the I.C.L. Process is totally reversible for those who worry about that sort of thing."

The retainer material used in THE I.C.L. PROCESS has been used extensively in many parts of the world in major heart surgery, for those of you who care about such things, it is an isotactic crystalline stereoisomer of a linear hydrocarbon polymer containing a little or no unsaturation. Such retainer material is not absorbable nor is it subject to degradation or weakening by the action of tissue enzymes. It is resistant to involvement in infections. There are no known contraindications... and for you doctors with your medical Baedekers handy, for further data you may refer to THE JOURNAL OF THE AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, March 10, 1962, Vol. 179, pp. 780-782; BRITISH JOURNAL OF SURGERY, Vol. 52, No. 5, August 1967 or write International Cosmetic Labs.

Ali climbed into the ring and announced, "I told you that Tony Tubbs would be the champion of the world."

one of the toughest fights of his career. The rock-solid Boncrusher had hurt Holmes several times with booming right hands, bruising and bloodying the champion before Smith was stopped because of a badly cut eyelid.

A number of experts figured Tubbs to be an easy mark for the relentless, powerful Smith. "I wanted to do to Tubbs what I did to Holmes," says Smith. "The only problem was, Tubbs wasn't there." Putting on one of his most convincing displays, Tubbs out-danced, out-boxed and out-dazzled Smith, winning a convincing ten-round decision. Ellis, Medill and Peters used the fight to bolster their argument that Tubbs was a better boxer than Holmes. While Holmes emerged from his earlier bout with Smith rattled, bruised and bloody, Tubbs was virtually unfazed and unmarked.

Unable to get a title fight with Holmes, Don King arranged for Tubbs to meet Greg Page. Page was arrogant before the fight. He predicted he would stop Tubbs in four rounds, saying he would "break his neck" and generally "bust him up." Tubbs ignored all the predictions and in-

sults. Page's arrogance was based on his 6-1 record against Tubbs in the amateurs. "But this was the pros," says Tubbs.

Tubbs had a lot of ground to cover for the Page fight. In the 18 months prior to their meeting he had fought only 19 rounds in competition, with only one taxing brawl, the Boncrusher Smith fight. Three years of bad luck, bad diet and bad training had delayed Tubbs's development. He trained hard, and on April 29, 1985, he climbed into the ring at Buffalo, New York, for his long-delayed shot at the World Boxing Association heavyweight championship.

One reason for Tubbs's present lack of notoriety may be the lackluster nature of his victory over Page. Tubbs and his corner had devised a flawless, albeit undramatic, strategy for wresting Page's crown. They knew the 6-3 240-pounder would be almost impossible to knock out. Tubbs would have to fight a full 15 rounds. Despite Tubbs's dedication and desire, Ellis and his cohorts knew that several weeks of hard conditioning could not possibly make up for the years of abuse and neglect their man had suffered

during his long nightmare on the road.

In addition, Tubbs and Page have similar styles, based on speed and counter-punching, and had fought so many times, they could practically anticipate each other's moves.

Tubbs fought a crafty, conservative fight, and there was little doubt of his superiority. He slipped every Page punch and countered with stinging punches of his own. But in order to conserve energy, he didn't press the attack, and it brought boos from the crowd.

In the opening rounds Tubbs looked impressive, drawing praise from fight commentators for quick, classy movements. In the middle rounds he tied up Page, back-pedaled and saved his strength, much to the crowd's disapproval. In the 14th and 15th rounds, perhaps slightly ahead on points, Tubbs went to the attack, drawing on the last reservoirs of strength. He completely out-boxed and out-punched Page. When the ring announcer read the unanimous decision for Tubbs, his corner exploded with joy.


Muhammad Ali, Tubbs's friend and mentor, had flown to Buffalo to watch his former protégé and sparring partner in action. Ali climbed into the ring, put his arm around the winner and announced, "I told you so. I told you that Tony Tubbs would be the champion of the world."

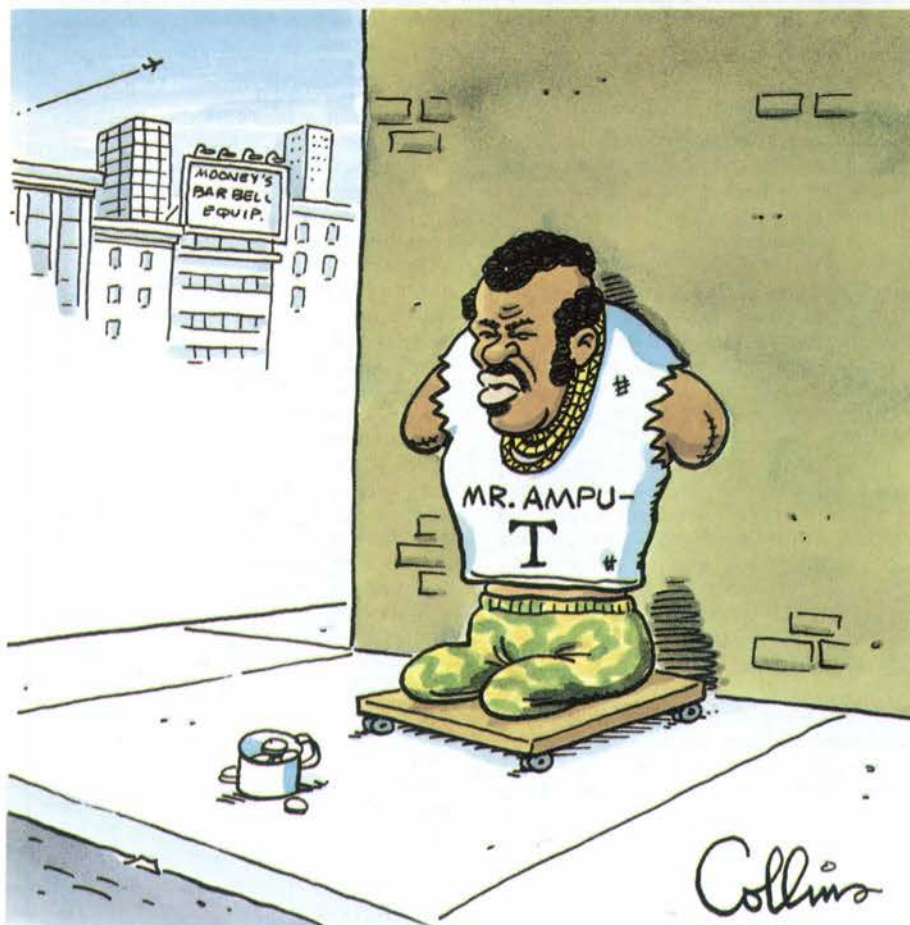
For Tony Tubbs, the quiet, classy, courageous young man from Cincinnati, Ohio, the long nightmare was over.

* * *

Jimmy Ellis, Montequé and Tony Tubbs are sitting in the El Privado disco of Carlos' n Charlie's on L.A.'s Sunset Strip. The place is jumping, Jimmy Ellis is explaining their plans for unifying the heavyweight division, and I'm not listening. What I'm listening to is Tubbs singing softly to himself, along with a Stevie Wonder record. For a long minute I listen, and I'm astounded, because the man can really sing. He's matching Stevie, note for note, the highs, the lows, the style, the emotion. I look at Tubbs and, for the first time, I'm really struck by what an extraordinary character he is. Not an ounce of failure or success is reflected on his face, not a trace of bitterness or arrogance. He's as impeccably dressed as a *Vogue* model. He's charming, disarming and civil.

For a moment I try to tune back in to Ellis, hoping that what he says is true.

For somewhere between the Ultimate Pain, the bad politics and the Ultimate Payoff lies the career of Tony Tubbs. And if his luck would only come close to his skills and his courage, maybe I won't have to ask why no one knows who he is. Maybe the world will discover that Tony Tubbs is indeed a real champion. 



Beaver Hunt

Once again HUSTLER raises the curtain on another collection of lovely lasses eager to show the world their stuff. Why not be part of the show? *Beaver Hunt* is always looking for bright new faces to become the stars of tomorrow. Send those photos (a couple of Polaroids

are fine) to *Beaver Hunt*, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Any young lady whose picture is used will receive \$100. All entries become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Please use the model release on page 110, or a facsimile, and be sure to fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send the prize money.



Photo by Husband



Photo by Friend

Tantalizing 20-year-old Terri from Bumpass, Virginia, loves race cars and playing pool. The sweet young thing has two fantasies—to be covered in honey and licked all over and to make love in a gentle stream of running water.

Cathy, 23, is an Inkster, Michigan, model who dreams of being a prison guard in an all-male penitentiary. Seems she likes the idea of strolling around nude, just teasing all those poor cons.

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Former special-police officer Tina, 24, from Jeffersonville, Indiana, enjoys horseback riding and swimming. Her fantasy is to make it with her partner in the backseat of a patrol car.

Photo by J.R.



Photo by Husband

Nineteen-year-old April—a Simmesport, Louisiana, girl—works as a flagperson for a construction crew, and her favorite fantasy is to flag down trucks in the nude. (Making love for 24 hours straight ran a close second.)



Photo by Husband

The pride of Lutz, Florida, Diana is an 18-year-old housewife who likes poetry, horseback riding and Karate. She dreams of having sex with two or more men at once.

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10
ROW
SEAT
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SATURDAY
8:00 P.M.
1978
22



NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR CLOTHES LEFT OVER 90

Virginia is a 21-year-old homemaker from Elgin, Illinois. She likes four-wheeling and cooking, and her fantasy is to please her boyfriend in any way she can.



Photo by Boyfriend

One for the ladies

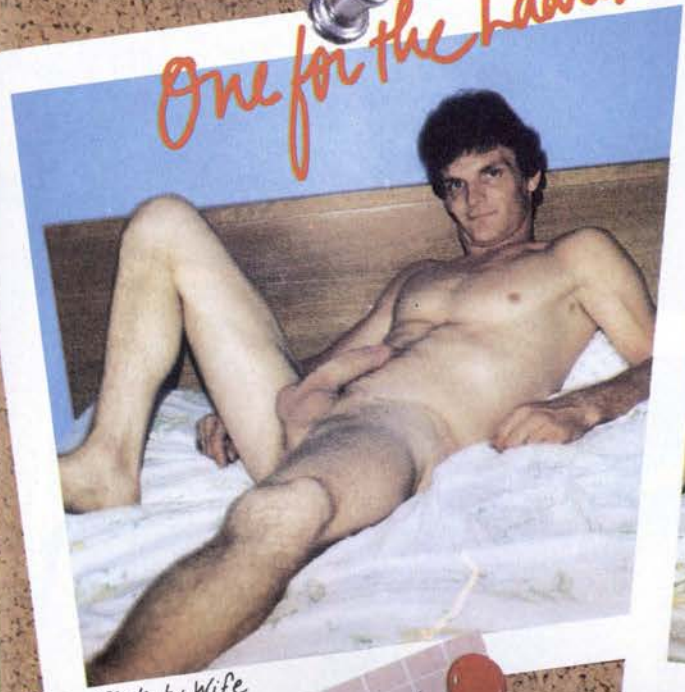


Photo by Wife



Photo by Husband

Wayne, 27, is an emergency paramedic in Marshall, Missouri, who enjoys hunting and fishing. He fantasizes about a ménage-à-trois with his wife, Carrie (also in this month's Beaver Hunt — they do everything together) and another woman.

Carrie is a housewife. The 24-year-old beauty loves fishing and sunbathing, and fantasizes about having sex in the open wilderness with her husband.

LOT NO. 10753
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Operated by KinPark





Photo by Don



Photo by Friend

Delicious Deb is a 26-year-old cocktail waitress from Indianapolis, Indiana, who loves sunbathing and dancing. Her fantasy involves ice cream, nuts, syrup, whipped cream and her boyfriend as the banana.



Photo by Husband

Orlando, Florida's Shawn is a 36-year-old model and homemaker. She likes fishing and camping, and dreams of being spoiled in a luxurious setting by two men for a whole weekend.

C.G. is a 25-year-old waitress from Jacksonville, Arkansas, who's into photography and sexy lingerie. Her favorite fantasy is to make a porn video screwing on the beach.



Photo by Marc

HELLO
my name is
Spike is a 28-year-old cosmetologist.
The Torrance, California, girl's chief
hobby is exhibitionism, and her fantasy
is to do Rod Stewart's hair. (If not
Rod himself.)

Photo by Franco



Kay is a 28-year-old student from
Mountlake Terrace, Washington. She's a
real athlete who's into skydiving and
screwing, and dreams of doing
both at the same time
Someday. Anything
for a thrill.



Photo by Husband

Waterskiing and sewing are sexy Christine's
main hobbies. The 30-year-old Ohio housewife
fantasizes about having an orgy with a bunch of
friends at the beach.

ARE YOU WOMAN ENOUGH FOR BEAVER HUNT #6?

Our eager Beaver Hunt Editor, whose sole job is to scrutinize every last one of the sexy Polaroids we receive each month, is determined to make our annual collection of Beavers the hottest ever. He's issuing a special call for new female applicants between the ages of 18 and 75—and maybe even a stray pet or two. Send him a couple of color photos, and use the model release on page 110. If he likes what he sees, he'll send you a check for \$100. Help keep this guy busy; it's all he has to do in life.

**HUSTLER MAGAZINE
PHOTO CONTEST
MODEL RELEASE**



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably more than one photo) in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt contest—see page 105. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. To increase your chances of being chosen, you should send in a copy of some form of photo ID, such as a driver's license, along with this release. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name _____ Name to Be Published _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Date of Birth _____ Phone (include area code) _____

Model's Social Security Number _____

Occupation _____

Hobbies _____

Sexual Fantasies _____

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer _____

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY
I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos and that my photographs can be published in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

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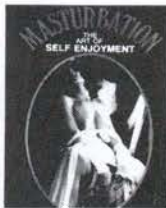
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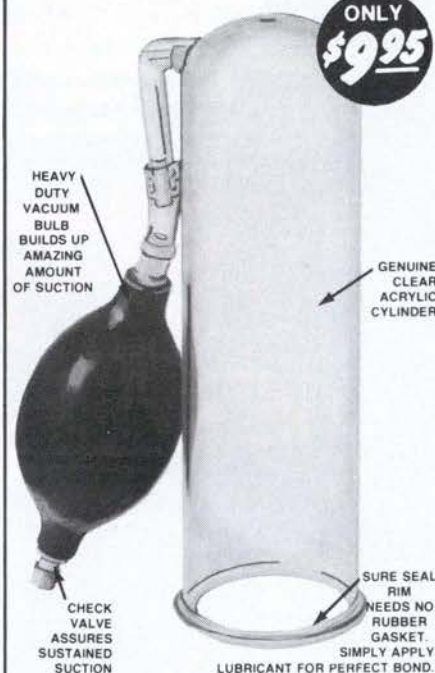
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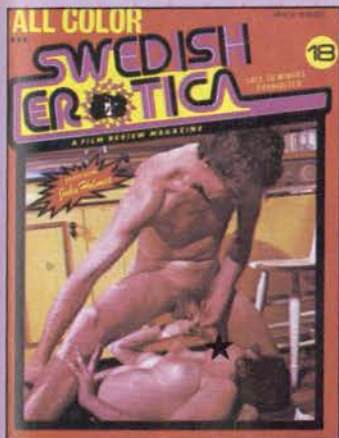
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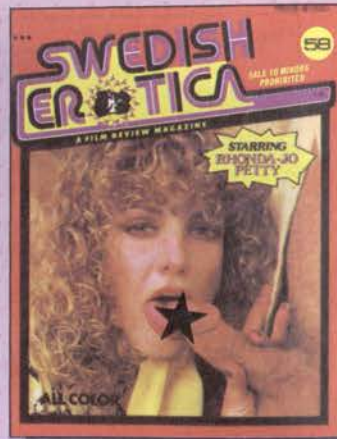
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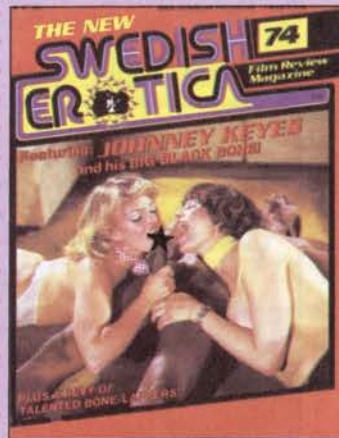


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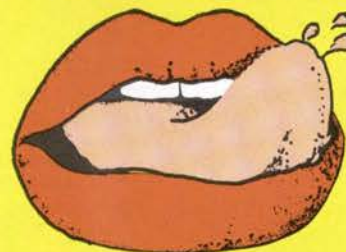
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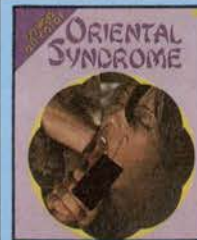
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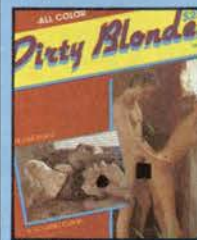
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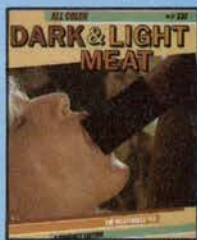
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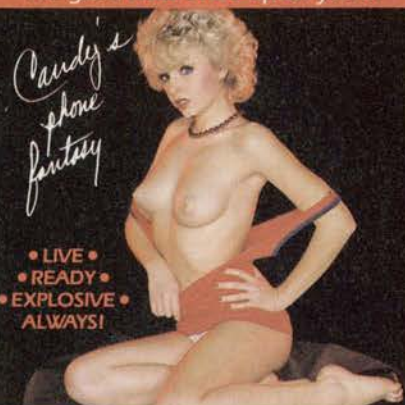
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NEXT MONTH IN HUSTLER

January 1986 issue on sale November 19, 1985

GIRLS GALORE

Women of all shapes and sizes cavort in the January issue of HUSTLER, with only one thing in common—they're all stunning beauties who will leave you drooling. The sexy young blonde who starts off your new year just can't keep her hands off herself. Or perhaps you'll prefer the exotic, erotic jet-setter who brings you to her penthouse suite. An unbelievable Palm Springs party for lesbian swingers features three horny sluts and the world's largest sex toy. And if that's not enough, we've also got an exclusive photo-spread on the voluptuous Ms. Nude America, who displays her trophy and a whole lot more. Finally, a buxom brunette indulges in some delightfully kinky fetishes just for you.

TOTAL DESTRUCTION

If you live in Los Angeles, or plan to visit, Roderick Thorp's article isn't going to make you very happy. *Earthquake: The Death of Los Angeles* is a terrifyingly accurate scenario of just what will happen to L.A. in the wake of the catastrophe that is virtually inevitable within the next 20 years. Collapsing buildings, tidal waves, firestorms and hundreds of thousands dead... it's an unthinkable future that must be faced sooner or later.

A DEADLY ARRANGEMENT

It seemed like such a good idea at the time. But when George and Charlie agreed to share an apartment, and a woman, things were bound to get sticky. The perverse love triangle leads to a shocking climax in Peter Eklund's gripping short story.

THAT'S NOT ALL

Our newly expanded *Hot Letters* column contains some of the steamiest reader-written eroticism ever; *Bits and Pieces* and *Comic Relief* continue to burst the boundaries of good taste in a hilarious fashion; the best and the worst in adult movies are laid on the line in *HUSTLER Erotic Entertainment*; *Beaver Hunt* roams the country in search of luscious muffs; and much, much more. January's HUSTLER is definitely one to save!





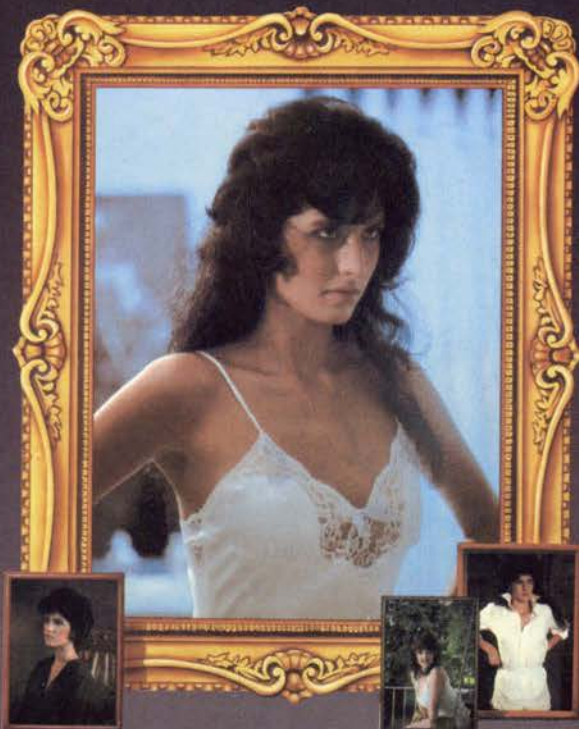
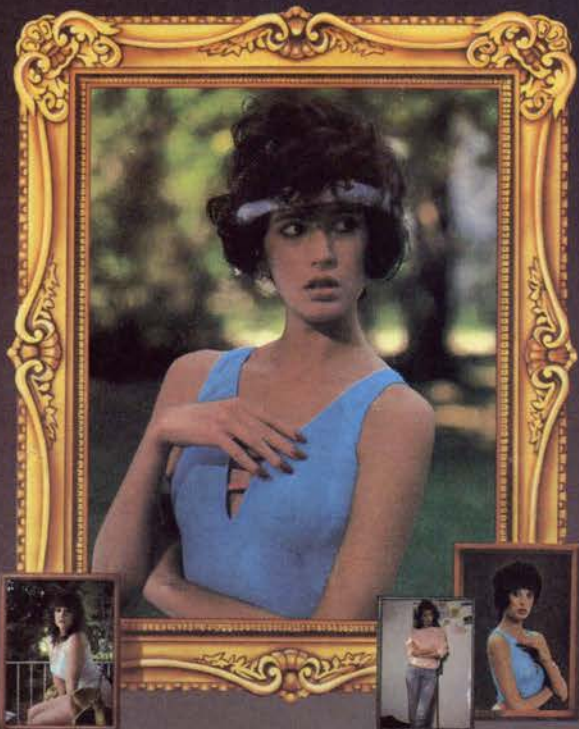
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